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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS, TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

(*Continued.*)

O, cried he, must I miserably die in sight of, and even at the entrance of my desired heaven? O, for some helping hand, in this time of distressing, and almost hopeless need! O God, most merciful! forgive me my vain confidence, and save me from my agonizing fears. O save me!—save me from death, and 'from going down into the pit.'

Then I saw, as he lay in this pitiable plight, a middle aged man of a thoughtful but prepossessing countenance, ascending the Mount, who, on discovering a prostrate fellow-being in the path-way a little before him, hastened to the place where he lay. On coming up to him—'friend,' said he, 'what has brought you into this unpleasant and suspicious situation? You have not, I hope, been assaulted and knocked down by the unsparing club of the cruel giant, who is known by the name of Alcohol, and by many other strange and repulsive names.'

P. O Sir, sport not with a man in his misery. Your suspicion is unfounded. I am not drunken with strong drink; but have been drunken with an overweening opinion of myself, and the presumption that my mountain stood strong. O, Sir, pity my sad condition, and with a helping hand raise me upon my feet, and assist me on my way.

'God forbid!' replied the stranger, 'that I should make your misery a subject of sport.' Saying this, he gently raised the supplicating young man from the ground; and, taking him by the arm, and supporting his enfeebled frame, slowly ascended with him up the hill.

As they moved forward, Pauper, thanking him for the timely assistance he had afforded, modestly inquired to whom he was indebted for it.

Holdfast. My name *now* is *Holdfast*. Heretofore I have been 'unstable as water,' and in nothing have I 'excelled.' I have proved almost all things, that bear the name of religion; but now, I trust, that, in some measure I 'hold fast that which is good.' My name formerly was *Unstable*. I must now be permitted to inquire—whom have I been so fortunate as to assist?

P. My name, Sir, is *Pauper*. It well agrees with my outward condition, and in the favorable meaning of the name, it is expressive in some degree, I hope, of my internal state. I think that I now experience something of that *poverty* of spirit, which is the best, and ever-during virtue. But my name formerly was *Prodigal*. May I ask you, Sir, from what part of the country you come?

H. I came from the town of *Good-breeding*, whose inhabitants are distinguished for their genteel appearance and courteous manners. Will you be so obliging, Sir, as to inform me from what quarter you commenced your pilgrimage?

P. The place of my last residence is known by the name of *Scarcity*, a very extensive town, where meagre and pinching famine has, for a considerable time, maintained her desolating reign. But I trust that we are now in a better situation, than we were before we commenced the pilgrim's life, if, as I hope, you are 'going on pilgrimage.'

H. On the pilgrim's course, I have indeed entered, and hope, that by help from God, I shall hold out unto the end, and be favored with your company.

P. Most sincerely do I thank you, and gladly do I accept your implied invitation to be your 'companion in travel.'

H. Although 'two cannot walk together except they be agreed,' yet, I will presume that we shall not 'fall out by the way,' but take sweet counsel together,' and be each 'a helper to the other's joy.'

Now I beheld in my dream that the two pilgrims went slowly on, conversing with each other in a pleasant and fraternal manner, until they arrived at the gate of the mansion on the summit of the hill, where, for a time, they made a pause. Now over the gate there was written, 'knock and it shall be opened unto you.' Here then they thanked God and took courage. And Holdfast stepping up to the gate, still supporting his companion, gently knocked against it. The sound reached the watchful ears of the Janitor, the keeper of the gate, who, immediately appearing, asked if any without were desirous of admission, and why? To their demand, Holdfast, in his own behalf, and that of his companion made answer.—We are two pilgrims, who, having left our former homes, now setting our faces towards a better country, that is the heavenly. Informed that our direct course to that country is through this gate, and that we should find courteous entertainment and needful instruction at this house, we have, agreeably to the direction over the gate, ventured to knock for admittance. And although unworthy of the favor, we humbly pray that it may be opened to us, and that we may be so happy as to realize a welcome reception from the hospitrble Lord of the mansion.

Janitor. Under his authority, and by his direction, it has become my pleasure, as well as duty to open the gate to all, who desire it, and knock for admission.

Then I saw that the gate was readily opened, when Janitor encouragingly said,—'Come in, ye blessed of the Lord, and freely enjoy the rites and blessings of this needful and hospitable establishment. Although but a steward, by the appointment of my good and revered Lord, yet I am authorized, in his name, to tender you a cordial welcome.' Encouraged by the grave, but open and placid countenance, and the extended hand of him, who stood before them, the young man now with joyful lips replied:

P. And, now, blessed be the Lord, and may the blessing of him, who has been ready to perish, come upon you.

To this his companion said in reference to himself—'amen;' adding 'be it unto us according to thy word;' and they both, bowing their heads, entered the gate into a spacious court, before the mansion, which was surrounded by a variety of ornamental, and fruit-bearing trees, and adorned with pastures and walks skirted with shrubbery, aromatic plants and a profusion and variety of sweet-scented flowers. I saw, moreover several simply constructed, but beautiful lodges situated in convenient places, in the court, for the temporary accommodation of pilgrims; also several houses, in which were constructed tanks or baths which were supplied with pure water conveyed by pipes from a copious fountain in the middle of the court, where they had for a time been.

Our pilgrims, delighted with the scenery, and regaled with the odors they inhaled from every quarter, were conducted by their venerable and courteous friend to one of the lodges, when, while they were enjoying both mental and bodily repose, he took from a shelf the Directory; and seating himself, read the following passage from it for their improvement. 'He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so he opened not his mouth. In his humiliation his judgment was taken away, and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth.' To this passage, our pilgrims listened with intense and interested attention. And after a short, but almost speaking silence, Pauper eagerly said, addressing the reader 'I pray thee, of whom speaketh the penman this? of himself, or of some other man.' Then Janitor opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture and preached unto him, and his companion, Jesus. In a very learned and impressive manner he explained to them the important design of his coming into this guilty and wretched world—the manner in which he executed his great and benevolent commission, and the dignity and excellence of his character, as the brightness of his father's glory, and the express image of his person. He, moreover, presented to their view a summary of their doctrines and moral precepts; of his promises and threatnings, and clearly commented on them. Nor did he neglect to mention his special and significant Institutions. These, continued he, may be profitable for reproof, for conversion, for instruction in righteousness. They are therefore, worthy of joyful acceptation and practical regard. And now, 'if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.'

Then kindly taking Holdfast by the hand, and sustaining Pauper by the arm, he conducted them to a bathing house, where, in a convenient bath, he washed their bodies with pure water in the name, and by the authority of his Lord; clad them with suitable, but simple, plain, and humble attire.

During the progress of these cheering operations our pilgrims were delighted with the musical notes of the feathered tribes that sang among the branches of the trees, by which they were surrounded. When the significant ceremonies of the bathing house were completed, our pilgrims found themselves wonderfully refreshed both in body and mind; nor could they forbear, with heart-felt, but tranquil and temperate joy, to exclaim 'our soul doth magnify the Lord, and our spirit doth rejoice in God our Savior; for he hath regarded the low estate of his unworthy servants. They also thanked their friend for his labors of love and condescending kindness, wishing a thousand blessings on his hoary and reverend head.

(*To be continued.*)

ON DOING GOOD TO OUR SERVANTS.

I have somewhere met with a paper under this title:—*The Resolution of a Master*, which may be properly inserted in this place.

1. I would always remember that my servants are in some sense my children; and by taking care that they want for nothing which may be good for them, I would make them as my children; and as far as the methods of instilling piety into the mind, which I use with my children, may be properly and prudently used with my servants, they shall be partakers in them. Nor will I leave them ignorant of any thing wherein I may instruct them to be useful to their generation.

2. I will see that my servants be furnished with Bibles, and be able and careful to read the lively oracles. I will put Bibles and other good and proper books into their hands; will allow them time to read, and assure myself that they do not misspend this time. If I can discern any wicked books in their hands, I will take away from them those pestilential instruments of wickedness. They shall also write as well as read, if I may be able to bring them to it. And I will appoint them, now and then, such things to write, as may be for their greatest advantage.

3. I will have my servants present at the religious exercises of my family; and will drop, either in the exhortations, in the prayers, or in the daily sacrifices of the family, such passages as may have a tendency to quicken a sense of religion in them.

4. The article of catechising, as far as the age or state of the servants will permit it to be done with decency, shall extend to them also, and they shall be concerned in the conferences in which I may be engaged with my family, in repetition of the public sermons. If any of them, when they come to me shall not have learned the catechism, I will take care that they do it.

5. I will be very inquisitive and solicitous about the company chosen by my servants, and with all possible earnestness, will rescue them from the snares of evil company, and forbid their being the 'companions of fools.'

6. Such of my servants as may be capable of the task, I will employ to teach lessons of piety to my children, and will recompense them for so doing. But I would, with particular care, contrive them to be such lessons as may be for their own edification too.

7. I will sometimes call my servants alone; talk to them about the state of their souls; tell them how to close with their only Savior; charge them to do well, and 'lay hold on eternal life;' and show them very particularly how they may render all they do for me a service to the glorious Lord; how they may do all from a principle of obedience to him, and become entitled to the 'reward of the heavenly inheritance.'—*Cotton Mather.*

CHRIST AND MAHOMET CONTRASTED.

Go to your natural religion;—lay before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armor and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and ten thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives, and let her see his adulteries, and hear him allege revelation, and his divine commission to justify his lusts and his oppressions. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies,—let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse! Let her see him injured, but not provoked! Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies! Lead her to his cross, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors—'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' When natural religion has viewed both, ask which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion who attended him at the cross; by him she said,—'Truly this was the son of God.'—*Bishop Sherlock.*

[From the Calcutta Christian Observer.]

THE BEGINNING OF THE SHOOTING UP OF THE LATTER GROWTH.

[The accompanying paper is a translation of a Hebrew Tract, penned by Dr Henderson, founded upon facts which occurred within a very recent period. Whatever may be the merits of the original or translation, the story itself is one of deep feeling and pathos. Would that many of the daughters of Israel might be led to follow so bright an example.]

CHAP. I.

1 There was a Jew in the great city of London, whose name was Hananiah.

2 And the man was wise in his generation, rich, and very honorable.

3 Now it came to pass, after many days, that his wife died; and he set a pillar on her grave.

4 And he took Rachel, his beloved daughter, and went down into a ship going to the New World, which is beyond the Great Sea:

5 And he paid the fare thereof, and went to sojourn there.

6 And Hananiah went up out of the ship, he and his daughter, from the coast of the sea:

7 And as he went on his journey, he lighted upon a certain place on the banks of the Great River, which is the river Ohio.

8 Then he lifted up his eyes, and he looked; and behold, the whole of the region round about was well watered and fruitful, even as the garden of God.

9 And he bought himself a house and dwelt there.

CHAP. II.

1 And Rachel, his beloved daughter, was seventeen years old.

2 Now she was of a very fair countenance, of a quiet spirit, and of a good understanding above all (other) virgins.

3 For the Creator,—blessed be he,—had bestowed on her great gifts.

4 And her father had sent her to the house of learning, to teach her the knowledge of languages, and manners, and statutes of the law.

5 And he said in his heart, Behold! she will be the crown of our faith. And he loved her very much.

6 For he was old, and the damsel was his only daughter; and besides her he had neither sons nor daughters.

CHAP. III.

1 Now it came to pass, after these things, that the damsel fell sick, and her form wasted away, and her eyes were consumed.

2 Her freshness decayed, and all that knew her, saw that she was ready to go the way of all the earth.

3 And her father stood by the bed; and he was grieved for his beloved daughter, and his heart died within him.

4 And he sought to speak with her many times, but he could not; and he lifted up his voice and wept.

5 Then he sent and called the physician, who did unto her according to his wisdom; but vain was all the help of man.

6 For already the angel of death had laid hold on her, and the sorrows of hell compassed her about.

7 And it came to pass, as Hananiah was walking in the midst of his garden, that the damsel sent unto him, saying,

8 Behold! I am dying. Come, I pray thee, in haste, and see me before I die.

9 Then he made haste and came into the house. And he said in his soul, There is no more hope.

10 And when my daughter giveth up the ghost, where is she?

11 What is that world which is to come? And how shall man be just with God?

12 And he wept and said, O my daughter Rachel! my daughter, my daughter Rachel! Would to God that I might die for thee, O Rachel! my daughter, my daughter!

13 And it came to pass, when he drew near the bed, she put forth her hand, and took hold of the hand of her father.

14 And she spake unto him, and asked him, saying, Lovest thou me, my father?

15 And he answered and said, Thou knowest that I love thee; very dear art thou to me!

16 And she asked him again, saying, Dost thou indeed love me?

17 Then answered her father, and said, Wherefore, I pray thee, dost thou add to my grief, O my daughter? Thou knowest that my soul is bound up with thy soul.

18 But the damsel yet again asked him the third time: My father! O my father! dost thou not love me!

19 And he knew not how to answer a word.

20 Then she said, I know, my father, I know that thou lovest me.

21 And now one request I make of thee before I die; do not, I beseech thee, refuse my request.

22 And he said: As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will surely give thee whatsoever thou askest, even to the last farthing that is in mine hand.

23 Tell me, I pray thee, and I will do according to thy desire; behold, the Lord is my witness.

CHAP. IV.

1 Then the damsel opened her mouth and said:

2 O then, my father, do not, I beseech thee, again speak reproachfully of Jesus of Nazareth.

3 And it came to pass when Hananiah heard these words, that his heart failed him, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

4 Then spake the damsel again to him, saying: I know and understand but little of the law of Jesus, for I was never taught.

5 But I know that he will prove himself a Savior, to deliver me from all my sins, and from the hand of Satan, and from the lowest hell.

6 Behold! though I have not seen my Redeemer with mine eyes of flesh, yet he has been present in this place;

7 And he revealed himself unto my soul in mine affliction, as he said anto me, Fear not! thy sins are forgiven thee.

8 And I most surely believe that he will save my soul, though I did not love him heretofore.

9 I know that I shall surely go to him, and dwell with him forever.

10 And now, O my father! refuse not my request.

11 Do not continue to speak reproachfully against Jesus of Nazareth any more.

12 Buy thee the book of the New Testament, wherein are written all the words of the Messiah.

13 And I will pray to my God to give thee the knowledge of the truth, even the knowledge of his Messiah.

14 And after my death, when I shall be no more, give, I pray thee, to him that love wherewith thou hast hitherto loved me.

15 At this moment the damsel fainted, and became silent; and her father went without in the bitterness of his soul.

16 And before he returned to the bed-chamber, the spirit of his daughter ascended to her Savior, whom she loved with all her heart, notwithstanding she knew but little of him.

CHAP. V.

1 And Hananiah mourned for his daughter with a great mourning, and he buried her out of his sight.

2 And it came to pass, after he had buried his daughter, that he made haste and bought the book of the New Testament;

3 And he meditated therein day and night.

4 And as he read, behold! he found that all the words of Jesus, and the words of the law, and of the Prophets, and of the Psalms agreed together, this with that; and that there was no discord between them.

5 And behold! the Holy Ghost enlightened his darkness, and he believed with all his heart that the Messiah was come,

6 Of whom all the Prophets did write, and that Jesus of Nazareth was he.

7 And Hananiah now walketh with God, and is numbered with the disciples of Jesus until this day.

CHAP. VI.

1 And now, my beloved reader, what dost thou think concerning the Messiah?

2 Thou art wandering about in the earth, and findest no rest for the sole of thy foot.

3 Thy strength is consumed for nought, and thy life hangeth in doubt before thee: thou fearest day and night, and hast none assurance of thy life.

4 And all this because thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and hast not believed in his Messiah, whom he sent at the time appointed for his appearing.

5 Yea, thou knowest in thy soul that long ago the times were fulfilled;

6 And also the wise men of thy people confess that they have gone by, and therefore they withhold their brethren from considering their fulfillment,

7 Lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and with their hearts understand, and turn unto the Lord, and he should heal them.

8 They have seen vain and foolish things for thee; and they have not discovered thine iniquity, to turn away thy captivity; but have seen for thee false burdens, and causes of banishment.

9 Wherefore return unto the Lord with all thy heart, and believe on his Messiah, our righteousness and our peace.

10 Buy thee a book of the New Testament; read, search, and examine it.

11 Then shalt thou find the truth; and thy soul shall believe; obey and live! Amen and Amen!

THE MOTHER'S LESSONS.

Lamartine thus opens the beautiful narrative of his travels in the East:—

My mother had received from hers, on the bed of death, a beautiful copy of the Bible of Royaumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This Bible had engravings on sacred subjects on every page. They depicted Sarah, Tobit and his angel, Joseph and Samuel; and above all, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the east was blended with all the acts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open in her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense.

She was endowed, by nature, with a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination; all her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. Her beautiful, noble and benign countenance reflected in its radiant physiognomy, all that glowed in her heart, and all that was painted in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn and impassioned tone of her voice added to all that she said an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear after six years of absence.

The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for biblical lore.

From the love of the things themselves, to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred, there was but a step. I burned, therefore, from the age of eight years, with the desire of going to visit those mountains on which God descended; those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her famished child, dying with thirst, might derive refeshment; those rivers that flowed from the terrestial paradise; the spot in the firmament at which the angels were seen ascending and descending Jacob's ladder. The desire grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; I was always dreaming of travelling in the east; I never ceased arranging in my mind a vast and religious epopee, of which these beautiful spots should be the principal scene.

He that will set the hearts of other men on fire, must himself burn with the love of Christ.

Burke, the great English statesman, used repeatedly to declare that every care vanished the moment he entered his own house. He wrote the following beautiful descriptive prose paper, 'The Idea of a Perfect Wife,' which he presented to Mrs B. one morning, on the anniversary of their marriage, delicately heading the paper as below, leaving her to fill out the blank.

'*The Character of Mrs.——.*'

'I mean to give you my idea of a woman. If it at all answers an original, I shall be pleased, for if such a person as I would describe really exists, she must be far superior to my description, and such as I must love too well to be able to paint as I ought.

'She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape; she has all three in a high degree, but it is not from these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face cannot express, that forms her beauty.

'She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

'Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

'Her features are not exactly regular; that sort of exactness is more to be praised than to be loved; for it is never animated.

'Her stature is not tall; she is made to be the admiration of every body, but the happiness of one.

'She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

'There is often more of the coquette shown in an affected plainness than in tawdry finery. She is always clean without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness that softens the features without discomposing them. She is usually grave.

'Her smiles are inexpressible.

'Her voice is a low soft music; not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must come close to hear it.

'To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

'She discovers the right or wrong of things not by reasoning, but sagacity; most women, and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their disposition; she has a true generosity of temper; the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most cautious in the distribution.

'No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge.

'Her politeness seems rather to flow from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

'She does not run with a girlish eagerness into new friendships, which, as they have no foundation in reason, serve only to multiply and embitter disputes; it is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed forever, and the hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than hers after the lapse of years.

'As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on any body, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill praises, for every thing violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition, and the evenness of her virtue.

'She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre.

'She has such virtue as makes us value the truly great of our own sex; she has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful of hers.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

RETZSCH'S SKETCHES OF SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

(*Continued.*)

[Translated from the German.]

No. 29.

The farm-house is burnt down; the fire has spread, and increasing, accomplishes the work of destruction. All run, save, fly, &c.

No. 30.

'Burnt empty is the place.'

Near a small heap of articles saved, the distressed father, formerly so happy, has assembled his family.

'One sweet consolation remains:—
He counts the heads of his loved ones,
And see! no dear head is wanting.'

Considering the beloved group as a new gift of the Almighty, he looks up grateful to heaven; the wife, worn out with terror and exertion, concealing her affliction from her family, speaks consoling words,—holding the youngest child slumbering in her arms,—to the elder daughter, who, leaning on the father, is sunk in grief; while, in childish ease and absence of sympathy, the boy at her feet strikes his toy, and the tender-hearted little maiden, near her elder sister, glances painfully at the lost darling, —the house-cat. Here and there, smoke rises from the burning houses, and the poor, burnt-out inhabitants of the village, stir and root up the places of their destroyed prosperity, and collect the yet half serviceable articles.

No. 31.

'To the dark lap of the holy earth,
Trust we the deed of the hands,
Trusts the sower his seed,
And hopes it will shoot up,
In blessings according to Heaven's counsel.
Yet more precious seed, hide
We mourning, in the lap of earth,
And hope, &c.'

Earnest, steps forth in the foreground, the husbandman, beside the furrows of the field, and casts forth golden seed; the knell which sounds from the distant church tower, fastens the attention of the feeling ploughmen. They look after the funeral, which, moving between the houses of the village, approaches the open gate of the church-yard, while the autumn wind seems to strew the dry leaves of a tree over the distant scene.

No. 32.

The spectator sees here the same scene from the opposite point of view, whereby the application which the poet makes of the employment of the sower, becomes the principal object. The funeral moves in the foreground, to the gate of the church-yard; the deeply afflicted husband follows in the company of his tender growing family, the coffin of the beloved wife, who has died probably from the terror and affliction caused by the destruction of her prosperity, produced by the fire. The bell is swinging. The grave-diggers are busy about the grave, and await their coming. Beyond the church-yard wall, ploughmen and sowers are visible, and the sun sinking behind the farthest mountain, throws yet, parting, his last beams over the whole, and forms accidentally a marked glory round the crucifix, which, borne before the coffin, seems to float in ether.

33. *Evening Bells.*

'And the cattle
Sleek, broad-browed herds,
Come bellowing,
Filling the accustomed stalls.
* * * * * * * * *
Bleating draw home the sheep.
* * * * * * * * *
Brisk, hastens his steps
Far into the wild forest, the wanderer.'

The harvest waggon, surrounded by many reapers, approaches the village from a distance.

No. 34.

'Heavily in,
Reels the waggon,
Corn-laden,
Fair with colors, &c,
And the youthful reapers
Fly to the dance.'

No. 35.

'Market and street become stiller,
Round the lights' social flame
Gather the house-dwellers,
And the city gate shuts creaking.
Darkness covers
The earth;
For the eye of law watches.'

The streets of the city are in part solitary, and still, only what belongs to the maintenance of the city order, treads forth in activity. The watch trace the streets in the distance; the night watch execute their office. The city gate is guarded, and is closed by the porter. The window-shutters are closed far and near. One sees through a window which an apprentice is busy in closing, many persons assembled familiarly by candle-light, and in the foreground is seen an old physician, by his servant or assistant, guided and lighted in his calling.

No. 36.

'Fair peace,
Sweet union,
Honor, hover,
Friendly over this city!
When of war, the rude hordes
Through this quiet vale shall rage, &c.'

A recluse, rapt and anxious, kneeling on the top of a mountain, utters these boding words, from a vision which his prophetic eyes imagine they perceive in the air, over the city lying stretched out peaceful in the valley.

No. 37.

'Woe! if in the lap of the city,
Combustibles silently accumulate, &c.'

Assembled in a cellar, a part of the people meditate an insurrection against the government. While an orator from a table, on which he has sprung, seeks to inflame their minds; and angrily points at the statue of the king, perceived at a distance, through a window, and the hearer sets his foot on a royal edict, lying on the floor; others swear to devote their arms and swords to the undertaking, and grasp hastily the weapons produced. Ferocity and rage

in most faces; but few listen to the zealot, in a serious and considerate manner.

No. 38.

'When tugs at the bell-rope,
Revolt, &c.'

The tumult has broken out. Some endeavor to tear the statue of the king from the pedestal. The members of the council are dragged out of the town hall,—ill-used,—part hanged up to the lanterns, part cut to pieces,—horror every where. One is thrown down from the belfry, the jackdaws and crows flying affrighted,—others seek to save themselves on the roof. Armed force bursts into the distant city gate; in the heavens appears a trumpet. Not by numerous representations to weary the spectator, I have brought together in one, every thing appertaining to this tumultuous movement, upon which account, it was necessary to take a high point of view, to show all;—therefore the small connexion of the objects.

No. 39.

'Draw, draw, raise,
It moves, it hangs!'

The bell is finished, is raised out of the cave, and every one is permitted to see it. Admirers of all sorts come.

'Admire the neat escutcheon,
Praising the experienced artist.'

(To be Continued.)

Our Readers will be interested in perusing the subjoined timely and wise remarks which we extract from an excellent 'Sermon delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. John Parkman to the pastoral care of the Third Congregational Church in Greenfield, Oct. 11, 1837. By Francis Parkman, D. D. Minister of the New North Church, Boston.'

We have noticed as among the temptations of these times a desire for immediate effect. With this is frequently united an eagerness to multiply the occasional services of religion. Hence various devices and temporary expedients have been adopted, in which we do not deny that there may be wisdom, or that they may sometimes be demanded by the necessity of circumstances, and be honestly encouraged by a prudent zeal. Of their permanent utility, however, we may reasonably doubt. And of this we are sure, that they are not to be thought of in comparison, and never to be allowed as substitutes for the Sabbath and ordinances of God, those blessed means which his wisdom has prescribed and his grace provided for the light and salvation of the world; and which by the sanctity of their origin, their intrinsic value, their paramount authority, are destined to remain untouched and holy amidst the changes and inventions of man. If from a love of novelty, from imitation in self-defence or policy of the measures set in motion by surrounding sects, or from mere feverish excitement, the people learn to prefer the temporary to the established, the conference or the evening lecture to the regular worship of the Sabbath, its morning and its evening sacrifice, and spiritual abstractions to the simple ordinances of the gospel, eating bread and drinking wine, as the Master commanded in remembrance of him—then, my brethren, whatever show of wisdom or spirituality there may be in them, we shall have no reason to congratulate ourselves on our readiness to promote them. A false and distempered appetite will be engendered by them; and whatever may be pleaded for them as gratifying a religious taste, as strengthening a languid spirit, and 'good for a present distress,' let us never forget that they are of the inventions of men and not the ordinances of God. Let us not fail in our preaching and the whole conduct of our ministry to show the everlasting distinction between them. The Sabbath in its stated worship; the ministry as ordained of Christ Jesus; his gospel as the truth of God and able to make wise unto salvation, Baptism and the Lord's supper,—these are the things, which the Father hath given, and the spirit of the Father hath blessed in every age, to the enlightening of men's minds, to the reforming of men's lives, and to the setting up in their hearts of the kingdom of the Son.

Nor need it be questioned, that these regular ministrations of religion are fully adequate to meet the real wants of the Christian community. He who ordained them knew what was in man, and with a higher wisdom than ours, has provided for his spiritual needs. Surely it ill becomes us to distrust either the wisdom or the adequacy of the supply: yet this we virtually do, when we are incessantly adding to what is already prescribed. Let us carefully cherish in ourselves and labor to promote a spirit of reverence for the institutions of religion as they are recognized and hallowed in the word of God. It is through this sentiment of reverence, so much needed in these days of restless zeal and innovation, that we shall best secure the ends of the Christian ministry, and establish most firmly the influence of religion in the heart. And while, as taught of God, we show that this religion is not of the letter but of the spirit, 'whose circumcision is of the heart,' we shall ever maintain respect for the positive institutions of Christ. We shall take heed, lest by any mistaken theories or spiritual refinements of our own, we do aught to impair this reverence; or indispose the people, already slow, to comply with them. The 'sound mind,' which discerns holiness as the *end*, will honor ordinances as the means. It will convince us, that by the very laws of our nature they cannot be separated; and that what God has united, it is not for man, though he had all mysteries and could understand all knowledge, to put asunder.

There are benefits scarcely to be estimated from the regular ministrations and faithful attendance on the stated ordinances of religion. Like the daily gifts of God's bounty, the sun that shines or the bread that nourishes, we do not perhaps from the constancy and familiarity with which they are possessed, appreciate them as we ought. But it is grateful to consider of what good they are the instruments, and of what evils the prevention, of which the world takes no account, and which can be known only to Him, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid.

But passing this topic, fruitful as it is, let me remark, that it is worthy of our consideration, how wide and beneficial an influence may be exerted by a faithful pastor from even the humblest and obscurest of the villages of New England. While he seems to be only tending his own little flock, leading them like the good shepherd by the side of the still waters, he is perhaps exerting a power that shall reach to the remotest corners of the land. The seed he is thus planting in his own peaceful vineyard shall spring up and become a tree that shall be for the healing of the nations. For when the young men of his flock shall go forth—God grant it may be in a spirit of moderation, and not in a mad hastening to be rich—when they shall go forth from the place of their nativity and spread themselves over the west and the south, they shall bear with them the blessed fruits of a faithful ministry; and in looking back, as nature fondly will, to the scenes of their early days, they will not forget the guide of their youth; the day when his doctrine dropped as the rain, and he spoke sweetly unto them of God and goodness, and persuaded them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. They will teach others what they have been taught of him,—the same simple doctrine and the same holy life,—and thus the speech of their retired pastor shall distill upon distant lands, and the silent influence of his character and the prevalence of his prayers shall bless regions which his eyes shall never see, nor his feet ever tread.

Let the thought be improved, my brethren, to our devout and cheerful meditation; to our satisfaction and hope in the discharge of our humblest duties, and in the most retired scenes of labor. It opens a reviving prospect to every minister of New England. It says to him, whom God's providence has set in the obscurest corner of his vineyard, and who in his dark hours may be ready to despond, when he contrasts what he may imagine of his own ability to do good with the narrowness of his sphere. 'Be of good cheer.' It says of the fruits of his ministry, what God promised of old concerning his people, 'I will multiply them, and they shall not be few. I will glorify them and they shall not be small. And though thy dwelling be with the least of the thousands of Judah, yet out of it,' enlightened by thy doctrine and quickened by thy life shall go forth those, who shall be rulers and guides to our Israel.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I have just read with great interest C.'s communication respecting afternoon services in our city churches. I say 'our city churches'—inasmuch as Boston belongs, in some sort, to all the towns and churches in Massachusetts Bay.

It is my desire and intention to make some improvements on the hints and suggestions of C.; and I am in haste to make them before those hints are carried into practice! I live in the country, Mr Editor, but country people are somewhat concerned about the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and soporific dinners too, though perhaps not so rich and elegant.

C. would have the P. M. service delayed till evening. And his reasoning on this point is very *sensible*, I confess. I like it hugely. It is easier to tell a congregation in the A. M. not to congregate again till night-fall, than to keep them wakeful so soon after dinner. I am not afraid of an evening meeting; I love to attend them when I am in the city. At such times I often think I take more satisfaction in going to a Methodist chapel than to walk the streets or make myself a solitude in a crowded hotel. But the 'improvement' is what I am after; and no doubt, your readers must be hungry for it, ere this, themselves. It is this—Defer the afternoon service till evening; and have the morning service—*before breakfast.* This is possible; it belongs to me to show why it is desirable or needful. Many temples are opened early enough to welcome the first rays of the rising sun; and there are altars around which devout persons may be found kneeling, while even the gods of this world are on a journey, or are not awaked out of sleep. The morning is the best time for business; why not for devotion, and religious improvement? The mind is more clear; the bad passions do not usually bestir themselves till later in the day. People seldom grow drowsy between rising and breakfast. I would have the morning service immediately precede the morning meal, which is commonly a light one; and then the good people of the city, and of the country too, (for you must know Mr Editor, that the ways and customs of the city soon get into the suburbs and then into the country—mimickry is natural to mankind—) will have nothing to do from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. but eat, drink, sleep, visit, ride out of town, or walk over the free bridges, or gaze at the vessels leaving the port, or at those coming up the harbor!

The Jews were too strict in their observance of the Sabbath; so were our Puritan fathers—so are we—there is a load of superstition yet pressing us down, which makes many groan audibly. We are too rigid and precise. Let us say no more about the '*march of mind*,' unless the body and soul march along with it!

Besides, by having the forenoon exercise so late as it is now; the thoughts of many who go to church, are not on the sermon, but on the feast that is to succeed it. You find your audience wide awake; many are looking inquisitively at you. And why? They wish to catch the first word that drops from your lips which may signify to them that the long-short sermon will soon come to an end. If you will just look into an old book called in the Latin tongue, 'Stratagemata Satanæ,' or 'Stratagems of the Devil,' you will discover, Mr Editor, that the arch-adversary of souls has baits, and snares and traps in great variety and great abundance. May you and I avoid them all.

I am afraid, I shall spin this subject out too long; but I am more fearful that I shall omit some things which I may wish I had said, when it is to late.

Our dinners cant be given up; nor can we alter the time for dining, nor the dinner itself so as to remedy this great and growing evil. It does grow. You may now find sleepy and sleeping heads in village churches—as well as in those beautiful city temples, so richly and curiously adorned, that one would think, men of taste and of grace would be both ashamed and afraid to doze or even nod in them.

There is something rather disgusting, not to say shocking, in the sight of a person soundly asleep in church; where, if any where, his eyes should be open, and his mind attentive! The minister reads his text—'*I have a message from God to thee*;' and the dull soul sleeps while the message is delivered. Have the services early in the morning and in the evening, and our eyes will not be so often offended. Some have proposed another plan—viz. to have no public worship after the sun reaches the meridian—but let the people go forth and adore the Infinite Spirit in the midst of his mighty works; or spend that holy time in works of charity which might have been done on other days.

If my plan does not suit, do get Dean Swift's sermon against sleeping at church printed—a large edition and cheap—circulate it—it will touch—it will take, and do good.

Or lastly (for I am about to close) let our ministers put a double portion of their logic and their fire into the afternoon discourse, and arouse and alarm their hearers so much, that they will be glad to come a third time to the house of God to learn what they must do to be saved.

N. R.

Nov. 17.

From the Courier.

TO THE HON. RICHARD FLETCHER.

Worcester, November 10, 1837.

My Dear Sir,—I was present on the afternoon of the day before yesterday, at the dedication of the chapel which has been erected for the inmates of the Hospital for the insane, in this place. There are few acts of our Legislature to which we may recur with a higher satisfaction, than that which will be felt in a visit to this noble institution. It is now, perhaps, as complete as an institution for the insane can be. Every provision within the reach either of science or of sympathy, seems now to have been made here for this greatly interesting class of our fellow-beings, of which their condition is susceptible. Of Dr Woodward the presiding and guiding mind of the place, I need say nothing. His well-earned reputation now needs the commendations of no one for its security. I can hardly conceive that any one should be better suited for the charge of an institution of this kind. I passed the last evening with him, and heard successive details of surprising cases of cure. In conversing with him but for a short time, you would be strongly impressed at once with the gentleness and dignity of his manners, and with the equal benignity and energy of his spirit. It is no matter of wonder to me that he has an almost unlimited control over his patients; nor do I doubt that to his own character and manners, much of his very great success is to be attributed. The vast importance and value of moral influence, both in hospitals and in prisons, is estimated by few as it should be. There is and can be in these cases no compensation for the want of it.

But my object in writing to you is neither to eulogize Dr Woodward, nor the institution of which he has the charge. My wish and purpose are, that, through a note to you, my voice may reach the ears and hearts of some at least of those, who, if they shall regard the measures which have been taken here for the exertion of a religious influence upon the insane, as I regard it, may do what neither I, nor any one out of the Legislature can do, to secure to the subjects of this institution all the benefits to be derived from this influence.

A religious service in a hospital for this class of the diseased of our fellow-beings is now no new thing. I learned, last evening, from Dr Woodward, that a religious service on Sunday has for three years been maintained in the Bloomingdale Asylum, New York. I think that between thirty and forty of the hundred and fifty patients there, regularly attend public worship on the Lord's day. A Sunday service is also held in our Asylum in Charlestown, and in some of the Asylums for the insane in England. The chapel, however, which now forms a part of the institution in this place, is believed to be the first which has been erected for this class of sufferers. The experiment, as it was here tried, was a bold one. But its success was complete. Of one hundred and eighty, the present number of the subjects of the institution, a hundred and twenty were assembled. The room which is a very plain one, but altogether suited for its objects, has seats for about two hundred and fifty. Settees are substituted for pews. At the end of the room, opposite to the pulpit, is a gallery for the singing choir: and in this gallery were nineteen singers and four players upon musical instruments. This company of musicians consisted entirely of members of the institution; and of them, two of the players upon instruments, and half the number of the singers, were insane. In addition to the insane, and to the officers of the institution, about a hundred persons were in the chapel. Yet not the slightest interruption of the service occurred. At the close of the prayer of dedication, one indeed of the insane men very audibly said, amen! But in no way otherwise either in tone, or manner, than that in which this response is every Sunday heard in some of our churches. Dr Woodward took a position from which he could very distinctly see each one of the objects of his care. Yet nothing could exceed the delicacy which characterized his supervision of them. There was not a circumstance in his appearance to indicate snspicion of the correctness of their deportment. Yet the influence of his eye was veay apparent. In one instance, there would obviously have been an outbreak, had he not raised his hand, the very sight of which brought a greatly excited individual to order. Each of the services was short, and each was very appropriate. Mr Aldrich, of the Baptist church, offerred the introductory prayer, and read lessons from the Scriptures. Mr Peabody of the Calvinist church, offered the dedicatory prayer. Dr Bancroft, of the Second Congregational church, preached upon the occasion; and Mr Porter, of the Methodist Episcopal church, offered the concluding prayer. I have seldom witnessed a more interesting moral spectacle than this. The occasion was one of great gratification to many of the subjects of the institution; and I have not a doubt that, should the plan of gathering them from Sunday to Sunday into a place of worship, with which they shall have the associations of a church, be wisely carried out by the election of a chaplain suited at once to meet their necessities and claims in private intercourse, and in the prayers and sermons of a Sunday service, this chapel will be among the most effective of the means to which very many will ascribe their restoration to sanity and happiness. It is almost exclusively for the purpose of expressing to you my strong sensibility of the importance of the office of chaplain in an institution like this, that I now address you. Little or nothing will have been done for a fair trial of the value of the influence thus to be excited, till a chaplain with requisite qualifications for the office shall be appointed to it.

The sentiment I believe, is a common one, that a man who can offer a prayer and read a sermon, is qualified for the chaplaincy of a prison. A stronger sympathy I doubt not will be felt with the moral demands for the office of a chaplain for the subjects of a hospital for the insane. Here, it will be perceived at a glance, that great energy and great benevolence are alike indispensable. And to those who have any personal knowledge of institutions of this kind, it will be quite as obvious, that not only great powers of moral discrimination and judgment will be required for this service, but a moral and religious character suited ever to constrain the highest respect, if we would that harm may not be done by the very measures which shall be very sincerely intended for good. Not only are there among the insane those who are sorrowful and need consolation, and the melancholy whose deep gloom, if possible, is to be dispelled, and those who occasionally suffer the anguish of remorse, and who are not beyond the reach of sympathy; but there are also the cunning, and the very shrewd, who quickly detect the weaknesses of those about them, and who discover extraordinary skill in concealing and accomplishing their purposes. I have expressed my conviction that the personal influence of Dr Woodward is very great in the recovery of the patients committed to his care. Let any one but walk with him through the hospital, and he will strongly feel the extent and value of this influence. But I was more impressed with it than I had ever been upon the occasion of the dedication of which I have spoken to you. Dr Woodward has the unqualified respect of every subject of his institution who is capable of any moral distinctions. Yet while it is felt by each one that there is no appeal from his authority and power, he is too much beloved to be an object of fear. The spectacle of so many disordered intellects, in combination with equally disordered passions, which I saw in the chapel on Wednesday afternoon, not only submitted to one will, but, as it seemed, with distinct indications of desire on their parts to deserve the confidence which had been reposed in them in allowing them to be present at the service, was to my mind a moral spectacle of a very high order. It was a most impressive and instructive illustration of the relation of mind to mind, and the dependence of mind upon mind, and of the benevolent agency which mind may exert upon mind. Now, my dear sir, if Dr Woodward may obtain in a chaplain for this institution, one who is qualified thoroughly to understand, and to carry out the principles upon which it is conducted by him, it seems to me that by no measure could its best interests be so effectually promoted.

It may be asked, why cannot the duties of this chaplaincy be performed by the ministers of the churches in this place? I answer, that they probably might be quite as satisfactorily as by any equal number of ministers taken promiscuously from other congregations. But beside the considerations, that in certain and important respects, a very different kind of prayer and of sermon is required for this chapel, from the prayers and sermons commonly heard in our churches; a prayer and sermon very carefully suited to the peculiar states of mind in this audience, and which therefore will require as intimate a knowledge as can be obtained of these states of mind, and a kuowledge which can be but partially obtained, except by daily intercourse with the subjects of the institution; beside these considerations, I feel bound strongly to urge the claims of these sufferers to those daily ministerial offices, which are to be looked for only from a chaplain specially appointed for their service. The number will indeed always be considerable in an institution of this kind, of those who will be beyond the reach of any moral influence. But the number will also always be considerable, and will probably comprehend not less than half of the inmates, who may be essentially aided and improved by the sympathy, interest and friendship of an intelligent and judicious Christian minister, whom they shall see daily, and who will have won their respect and confidence. It is a great mistake, that all has been done for this class of sufferers which can be done for them, when every possible provision shall have been made for their security from injuring themselves and others, and every possible means provided for their medical treatment, and their outward comfort. They need a ministry to the mind, as well as to the body: and many of them would often appreciate the influence of their spiritual guide, when they might even be disposed to resist that of their medical adviser. Nor will there be a day, in which a man worthy to fill this office would not find himself called upon for as many hours of intercourse with the patients, as, consistently with his own health, he could appropriate to direct communication with them. And is it not reasonable to believe that, when these patients shall meet in their chapel on Sunday the very friend and counsellor whose voice of sympathy, respect, affection, comfort and encouragement, they have heard from day to day through the week, they will be encouraged by him from the pulpit, and comforted, and carried on in good purposes and in well doing, as they could not be by the voice of one not thus closely connected with them? I am very desirous that public opinion may be correct upon this subject; and that a chaplain may be demanded and obtained for this institution, who shall as thoroughly as possible be qualified for the work to be assigned to him. You may exert an important influence in this cause, and I am sure you cannot be indifferent to it.

I know of no department in the administration of Christianity, in which greater care is required that evil may not be done by the means which are intended for good, than in the chaplaincy of hospitals for the insane, and in prisons. For example, in a prison containing two or three hundred convicts, two-thirds of the number may be men, who, while apparently of very dull moral perceptions and sensibilities, as far as respects the character of their own habits and lives, are yet quick to detect the moral weaknesses and perversions of others. It is not uncommon in institutions of this kind to find men of very ordinary capacity in other respects, whose intellectual vigor and activity are, however, extraordinary, not only in planning and committing crime, but in devising and carrying out all the methods at once of the most varied and complete hypocrisy. A weak and credulous minister, therefore, in the chaplaincy of such an institution; a minister of more sensibility than common sense, and of more knowledge of every kind than of human nature; a minister easily to be deluded by appearances, who is not and cannot be respected, and whose character imparts no power to his instructions,—will be a minister, not of Christianity, but of sin. It would be infinitely better to have no chaplain in a prison, than one thus unfitted for the office And although very different, in some respects, are the qualifications required for a chaplaincy in a hospital for the insane, yet is the office one of no less difficulty, nor is less care required that it may be wisely filled. Let demand be what it should for these moral instruments, and they will be found. Supply will never be wanting for any moral service, when demand for it shall be what it should be. In calling attention to this subject, I do but discharge a duty with which, in the circumstances I have here found myself, I am strongly impressed; and I address you, my dear sir, upon this subject, because I know that you deservedly have the confidence of our community, and because your judgment cannot but be influential in the case. I am glad also of an opportunity to thank you for your public services in our national legislature; and to assure you of the entire respect with which I am your friend.

JOSEPH TUCKERMAN.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor.—The following extract from a sermon preached on the Sunday after the death of the late venerable Noah Worcester is at your service for publication in the Register. I could not withhold my feeble tribute to his piety and excellence.—Yours truly. C.

But I have taken up the subject of Peace to day, for the purpose of paying my feeble, but as I think demanded tribute of respect, to the venerable Friend of Peace, for so he was emphatically, and most justly called, lately deceased.

Most of you may not be aware, that I refer to that patriarchal, and truly evangelical character, Noah Worcester, late of Brighton; for I presume he was but little known to many of you, even by the varied and cogent productions of his pen. For he wrote much on many subjects. And but few men have ever written with so much power, clearness and effect; and at the same time with such a divine sweetness of temper. The fountains of his mind were too deep, and too pure to be easily disturbed. It has been my happiness and privilege, for many years, to know, to venerate, and to love him. The complacent smile, that always sat on his manly features;—the silvery ringlets, that graced his full forehead, and the winning tones of his voice, have left an impression on my mind, which no time can efface. And the recollections of him will always be sweet to me. The contemplation of such a character cheers me in my pilgrimage, as I earnestly cherish the hope of being hereafter reunited with him in Heaven.

This very remarkable man commenced the active business of life in an obscure town in New Hampshire, in the capacity of a humble mechanic. Being of an inquisitive and studious as well as serious turn of mind, he turned his attention to theological studies. And as his towns-people were without a minister and ill able to provide one, he began to lead and instruct them, in that capacity.

With no considerable advantages for study, or of literary society, he gradually rose, not only to respectability but to eminence in the profession. He first became known in this vicinity, a little more than twenty five years ago, by a very able publication, entitled, 'Bible News,' which had a most important bearing on the Trinitarian Controversy,—then just commenced. This work, though it rendered his situation where he was, somewhat unpleasant, was his best recommendation to the Metropolis of New England. And he was soon induced to remove to Boston. He preached occasionally, for several years, in this neighborhood to general acceptance, and undertook the Editorship of a religious periodical, (the first I believe in the country supported by the body of Unitarian christians) called the 'Christian Disciple.' He soon became intensely interested on the subject of Peace; and exchanged the 'Disciple' for a new publication, which he entitled the 'Friend of Peace' and conducted it for several years, with his wonted ability. In this work he set forth the impolicy, folly and odious criminality of war, in such a light, as it had not before been exhibited; and which awakened great attention to the subject, not only in this but in other countries. For his 'Friend of Peace,' was translated intot he languages, and had an extensive circulation in most of the countries of Europe. Dr Worcester,) for he obtained, a few years ago, as he richly merited, a Doctorate in Divinity, at Harvard University,) continued to reside in Brighton, till his decease; and often delighted and instructed the public, through the Journals and Periodicals of the day, on various important subjects.

He was a man of childlike simplicity in manners, and great mildness of disposition. Grave and dignified, and yet affable and easy in his deportment. He possessed a very lively imagination, and a most acute, profound and vigorous understanding, and, when he chose to exhibit it, a choice vein of wit. As a Christian, he much resembled 'the Disciple, whom Jesus loved.'—He was meek, humble, and affectionate.

As a writer he was plain, lucid, and profound. He examined every subject, that came before him, in all its bearings and relations, and treated it with a master's hand. In controversy he had not his equal; if indeed those of his writings on debatable subjects can properly be called controversial, which seldom brought out, as they seemed scarcely to admit, a reply. They were so entirely free from all asperity, and so full of loving-kindness, that they never, *never* provoked resentment. And his reasoning was so direct and conclusive that few men would venture to controvert it.

And now, my friends, I trust I have no need to apologise, for thus introducing to your notice a character, who was personally so much a stranger to you. I have always held him in that estimation, that I could not have felt satisfied with myself, if I had withheld this passing tribute to his memory.

For though perfectly modest, retiring, unpretending, he was such a man as the world is not often privileged to look upon. And what he has done for the cause of Truth and Righteousness, and Charity and Peace, justly entitles him to universal respect.

But I need not prolong his Eulogy. He needs not my feeble praise. He has written his own Eulogy. He has erected his own Monument. He has inscribed his own Epitaph. And if I am not greatly mistaken, he has left behind him an Influence, more especially in his Peace writings, which will continue to be felt more and more, throughout the world, until the final consummation of Peace;—when 'nation shall no more lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more.'—And happy indeed should I feel, if in what I have now said, I could direct your attention to his discussions of the subject. This feeble appeal for Peace would not then be altogether in vain; which I beg leave to close with his closing remarks, in the 'Introduction to the first number of his Christian Disciple.

'To heal divisions, and to unite the friends of Christ, must be in effect, to strengthen the cause of Christianity.'—'The cause is good, the field of labor is extensive, and there is ample employment for all, who 'pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.'—And to all, who cordially engage in this work, we may say by way of encouragement 'Great is your reward in Heaven.'—'Blessed are the peace makers,' the Friends of Peace 'for they shall be called the children of God.'

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I fear the remarks I made on the Communication of W. in a late Register were somewhat too severe. I cannot doubt after what he has said by way of apology or in justification of himself, added to your testimony, that his intentions were good—his motives commendable. I still think however that he was extremely unfortunate in his manner of expressing himself, and that his communication was calculated to do mischief. I am sure our brother would not have spoken of any part of the Bible, in the style of this communication, in addressing his people from the pulpit, or in conversing with them at their houses. Had he done it, many at least would not have understood the irony and must have been exceedingly scandalized at what they heard from their minister. I do wish that our brethren would be more considerate; and, when they are about to commit their thoughts to writing to appear in *the folio of four pages*, or in a more permanent form, that they would remember, that many of their readers (especially the readers of religious journals) possess tender consciences, with perhaps but a small modicum of Biblical learning, and must be fed with milk and not with strong meat, since they cannot bear it. I fear some of our brethren are obnoxious to the charge of bringing too much levity of matter or manner into the pulpit, thereby wounding the feelings of some, and encouraging others, unintentionally no doubt, to treat the Bible and religion itself with neglect or contempt.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware.
Of *lightness in his speech*. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul.——

Excuse this trite quotation.

A LOVER OF THE BIBLE.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES.

LETTER II.

My Dear W——n,—The doctrine of the Trinity, which is regarded as the great point of division between the Calvinists and the Unitarians, was secondary in the order, and the interest of my enquiries. I early found that it was a subject exceedingly difficult to reason about. There are no data, no starting points, no tangible grounds of argument. Of course it will be impossible to convey to your mind any idea of my *reasonings* on the subject. It is true there has been a great deal written, and many large volumes may be found arrayed on both sides of the question. But these were not satisfactory to myself. The subject appeared to me too simple to admit of extended and diversiform argumentation. I cannot discover indeed, that my views relative to it, have undergone material changes, from all the courses of thought, which I have taxed myself to pursue. The doctrine, as it is expressed in the creed is, that there are three persons in the Godhead. If I asked a Trinitarian what he meant by Three Persons, he could never tell me. If an objection was urged to the tri-personal existence, it was replied that the whole subject was incomprehensible, and that it was not for us to judge upon the mode of God's existence. I saw that the *terms* of the objections which Unitarians advanced, were always faulted. Indeed they seemed to labor under a perpetual ignoratio elenchi. If they averred that three could not be one, and one three, they were told, that it was not understood that God was in the *same sense* three that he was one. If they alledged that the same being could not be both God and man, it was replied that they mistook the idea of the two natures. If they descanted upon the impossibility of believing an unintelligible proposition, they were met with long dissertations upon the nature of the mysterious. They were told every thing was mysterious, that there was nothing fully comprehensible,—to which they all readily assent. Texts of Scripture which may be quoted as proof that Christ is a subordinate being are instantly rebutted by this, and similar passages, I and my Father are one. So you will see the whole circle of argument was soon travelled over. It must be apparent after all, that the main and abiding reason for the doctrine of the Trinity lies in the supposed *necessity* of the doctrine; a necessity resulting from the Calvinistic view of the Scheme of Redemption. But according to that view, original Sin, or Total Depravity, is the great fact, the foundation stone, of the whole scheme. If this doctrine be denied, there exists no necessity for the other, and it readily passes from our minds, as a thing of little consequence, unsupported by reason or Scripture. I know indeed that it is attempted to be sustained as an independent doctrine of Revelation still I think that if it were not supposed to constitute the ground of the Salvation of men, it would soon be numbered among the speculations of the past.

It is difficult to gather what is meant by the doctrine of the Trinity. The old notion of three persons is discarded by many Trinitarians of the present time. They speak of three distinctions. But is not this a distinction without a difference? Do they mean distinctions *in* God? But is not this an absurdity? Do they mean distinctions *from* God? But is that God which is distinct from him? We are still asked if the doctrine of the Trinity be not taught in the Scriptures. If it be inquired what is meant—why the doctrine of the Trinity; and this is the finale of our discussions. Unitarians are censured for not understanding what Trinitarians mean by the doctrine of the Trinity. In very truth, we wish they would explain what they do mean. I am sure there are many among the Unitarians who would gladly embrace the doctrine if it be one of truth, of scripture, of comprehension, and of value. It is said that we do know how our own soul and body can be united, and yet we be but one man. We do know that soul is not body, or body soul. The terms hypostasis, person, essence, godhead, divine nature, etc, appear to have been used, in various combinations, to conceal absurdities, to guard against an embarrassment of ideas, or as a subterfuge for ignorance. It is alleged that Unitarians pronounce the doctrine of the Trinity absurd, independently of an impartial examination of the Scriptures. On a comparison of ideas, however, it will be universally confessed, that *that which* the Unitarians declare absurd is absurd. We press the Trinitarian to state that view of God, which in his own mind, is not absurd. We suggest, if it be possible, a hundred propositions relative to the Divine Being, each of which, notwithstanding his scrupulous ignorance of the nature of God, he does not hesitate to say is absurd or false. When he comes to state his own clear and satisfactory ideas, he presents us with nothing more or less than the Unity of God. I know, indeed, that no Trinitarian will for a moment deny the doctrine of the Unity. But what does he, what can he believe *besides* that? Will he so state his belief, as that on the first breath of an explanation, it shall not be resolved into an absurdity, or a nihility.—Indeed we are compelled to feel that Trinitarianism is the real *negative* system. No Trinitarian will tell you what he does believe, but they all are making continual declaration of what they do not believe.

It is on account of its practical bearings that the doctrine of the Trinity is esteemed of so much importance among the Trinitarians. Yet it is in this view that its inconsistency is most decisively exhibited. Sin, they say, is an infinite evil. An infinite being must atone for it. God is the infinite being; and Christ is God. But did God, or did a 'mode of the Divine Existance,' suffer in this world and die on Calvary? I know the hymn reads, 'And God the Mighty Maker died'; but is not the language repulsive to reason and shocking to our feelings? Who then did suffer and die, and make the Atonement, God, or an inferior being? It would be well for Trinitarians to ponder that question if it can be a question.

I was more struck, in the course of my reading, than with anything else, with the controversy between Drs. Miller and Stuart, respecting the Trinity. Here were two gentlemen of distinguished attainments in Theological knowledge, Orthodox Trinitarians, respectively charging each other with a tendency to Unitarianism. In the slight 'distinctions' in the Godhead, with which Prof. Stuart is contented Dr Miller can detect nothing but a simple, or verbally qualified Unity. On the other hand, in the produced sonship, of Dr Miller, Prof. Stuart convicts him of an absurdity, or of pure Arianism; i. e. of Unitarianism. The inference which forces itself upon the reader, in the perusal of those Letters is that all intelligent Trinitarians *are* Unitarians. What was the effect of the correspondence upon the popular mind, I have not been able to learn. Doubtless it was not discreet for these brethren to fall out by the way, and the breach was quickly healed.

Trinitarians in their common, every-day practical ideas, are Unitarians. They think of Christ as a being by himself, distinct from God, and inferior to him. They think of God as the Infinite Spirit that pervades and encompasses the Universe. They do not think of Christ in this light. Or if they make the attempt, their minds are pained with the ideas of a necessary separation, and the inevitable blending into indistinguishable unison. They pray to Christ, but never with the idea that he is the Infinite Jehovah. I have often conversed with Orthodox Trinitarians on these points and they have represented to me what I now write. My own experience was of a corresponding character. Still the doctrine of the Trinity was always a part of our Theology, it was printed in our creeds, and we felt bound to defend it, whenever it might be attacked. It is in respect to these prevailing familiar ideas of Christ, that I can perceive in myself but little change. When I was prepared to abandon the technical ideas of my creed, I still found every thing else undisturbed.

It is a noticeable fact, that at the present time, the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit is rarely made a subject of elucidation or proof. Of all the sermons that I have heard preached only one occurs to me as having at all labored the point. Why is this? Is it because the point is so self evident, and satisfactory to the minds of all, as that it has passed into an un-

doubted truism? Or is it because the minds of intelligent Christians are growing dissatisfied with their reasonings, and shocked at their conclusions? It seems to me that if certain texts of Scripture determine the distinct personality of the spirit of God, there are also hundreds of similar texts which prove that the power, the wisdom, and the word of God, are distinct persons; and we may yet find a quaternity, a quinquenity, or any numeral character, in the Divine Nature. What are the limits of absurdity to those who have entered upon its precincts! The charge of presumptuously deciding upon the mode of God's existence, falls with all its weight upon Trinitarians themselves; who not content with the universally received knowledge of men, and transcending both reason and revelation, have dared to penetrate the mysteries of the Infinite, and now with oracular assumption pronounce that the mode of his existence is tri-personal.

The idea of the Unity of God is the most perfect of all our ideas. It is a doctrine which Philosophy most clearly establishes, and which the Scriptures unequivocally attest. It is the doctrine of all Christians. We may add to this that Trinitarians are in an infinitely higher sense Unitarians than they are Trinitarians. Their views of the Trinity are vague, confused, inferior, while their views of the Unity are distinct, simple, elevated. It may seem strange that they should adhere to such views; and stranger still that they should make those views the ground of their distinguishing appellation; and strangest of all that they should denounce those, who from the exalted tenet of common Christian faith, call themselves Unitarians. I venture the conjecture that Trinitarianism is gradually merging itself into Unitarianism. Some Trinitarians will advance nothing in explanation of their doctrine. They avowedly leave it shrouded in its impenetrable darkness. But I often find, that when the attention of the individual is drawn to the subject, and he is willing freely to unfold his thoughts, he gives you in explanation simply this, that Christ was a manifestation of God, or that God manifested himself through Christ, which he says is the sense of the expression, God manifest in the flesh. This view, is, I believe, beginning to be very common. It is a view into which th mind naturally settles in the moment of its unbiassed contemplation. It is a view lying between the practical ideas to which I have alluded above, and the uncompromising language of the creed. It is a view—I hope none of our brethren of the Triune faith will be alarmed at the intimation—in which Trinitarians and Unitarians remarkably harmonize. This is its most wonderful feature, and it is nevertheless true. Indeed, I have found among the Unitarians quite a consistent Trinity. They readily concur in the doctrine of manifestations. It will be pleasing if Christians of opposite names can meet in this view and recognize in each other the elements of the same glorious truth. It is unnecessary to say that this doctrine does not carry with it, those revolting appendages, which characterize the doctrine of the creed. It is a doctrine of the Scriptures, of philosophy, of common sense, a doctrine at once appreciable by the intellect, and grateful to the heart.

I am yours, CLEANTHUS.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 25, 1837.

It gives us great pleasure to learn that the Rev. R. W. Emerson has engaged Messrs C. C. Little and James Brown, to publish an American edition of the History of the French Revolution, by Thomas Carlyle. In addition to the wish of presenting to the public a work of great intrinsic value, he has the hope of securing a private benefit to the author, to whom all the profits arising from it will be transmitted. With this view, the publishers have made with him a liberal contract, by which they relinquish to the author all profit on the sale of such copies as shall be subscribed for.

The Work will be published in two volumes, large 12mo. of from 450 to 500 pages each. It will be printed on a new type and good paper, and strongly done up in cloth, and delivered to subscribers at $2 50 a copy.

This work is not inferior in originality, genius, and wit to any production of the present age. That it will meet with a liberal sale and be popular with all who have a true literary taste is, as appears to us, a matter of certainty.

The generous plan of the publication is worthy of all praise and patronage.

It is an example which we hope soon to see generally imitated.

Mr Carlyle's '*Sartor Resartus*' has had quite an extensive sale—and must have well prepared the way for the *French Revolution*—which will not only be welcomed by all the Readers of the former, but from its historical character and interest commend itself to altogether a different class of minds. We heartily wish for Mr Emerson such a list of subscribers as will enable him to transmit a heavy purse to his distinguished friend, for whose fame and profit he is so worthily consulting.

AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE, *delivered on recommencing the services of the Unitarian Church in Pittsburgh, by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch. Published by request of the Congregation.*

In the Report lately published in this Journal of the annual meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians, it was mentioned that among other Missionaries now employed by the Society at the West, The Rev. S. G. Bulfinch of this city was laboring in the same service at Pittsburgh and its destitute vicinity. Through the laudable zeal of a few earnest Christians, and especially by the unwearied faith and liberality of a venerable individual, a small congregation and society has for many years been sustained in that populous city, and the ordinances of religion been maintained.

It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr Arnold, late minister at large for the poor in New-York, was for many months the Pastor of the little Church in Pittsburgh. Since his departure, the society enjoyed only an occasional ministry, and their social worship was for a short time suspended. At the re-opening of their church a few weeks since, Rev. Mr Bulfinch, who had already entered on his labors as their Missionary and Pastor, preached a discourse, which at the request of his hearers has been published. We have been favored with a copy, which we have perused with much satisfaction. The text is from 1 Timothy, iii. 16. —'The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.'

From these appropriate words, the Preacher invites his flock to the consideration of the *motives*, which may have brought them to the House of God; and of the *chararters* or relations in which they approach as his worshippers.

From the first head of this discourse, we extract with pleasure the following passages.

'The views entertained by Unitarian Christians are, comparatively, little known, and often much misunderstood. It not unfrequently occurs, therefore, that on the first establishment of a society holding these views, some persons attend its services under a wrong impression of what they are to expect, an impression which produces subsequent disappointment. There are those who take for granted the truth of the assertion, that we are 'Deists in disguise;' who come among us expecting that they will hear the Christian religion attacked from our pulpits, either covertly or openly. There are those who, hostile themselves to religion under any form, enter our churches, expecting to hear the language of controversy only—of bitter controversy—of denunciation—in reference to all other sects of Christians.

Should any approach our altar with such expectations, I must fairly forewarn them that they will be disappointed. If we know any thing of ourselves, of our own views and feelings, they will be disappointed. We trust and we pray that such anticipations may never be fulfilled by us. We come hither not with the feeling that, like him of old, our hand is against every man, and every man's hand against us. We come for purposes of Christian worship, according to our own opinions indeed, and with the intention of maintaining those opinions as occasion may require, yet, we humbly trust, in the spirit of love to all our fellow Christians, of reverence to our Savior, and devotion to our God.

And yet, should there be those among our hearers who, not themselves believing in Christianity, have fancied us partakers in their unbelief, though they have greatly mistaken us, we receive them in the spirit of mildness, not in that of denunciation. Let them still come. They may find that though we value Christianity as much as any of our brethren, Christianity as presented by us wears an aspect more attractive than any under which it has before appeared to them. How many, sincerely desirous of the truth, have turned in fruitless inquiry from one denomination of Christians to another, and every where found some doctrines proclaimed, against which reason appeared to them to protest. Wearied with their unsuccessful search, they have at length despairingly rejected Christianity, not because they were enemies to the truth, but because the truth which they could have appreciated and loved was hidden from them, by being surrounded with doctrines which they could neither understand nor believe. Should any such attend our religious exercises, we welcome them. It is to such especially that we consider the mission of our denomination, the work of good which we have to do in the world, to relate. If we may without presumption appropriate to ourselves the words of our Lord, we should say that, like him, we 'come, not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.' We look for our most valuable success not in the conversion to our speculative opinions, of those who are already faithful disciples of Christ, in connexion with other divisions of his great fold. No. Such are already in the way of salvation. Their accession to our ranks might serve to swell our pride, it might gratify perhaps, some higher and better feeling; but if indeed we be worthy to profess the principles we hold, we should count it an occasion of far more rejoicing, when one heart, never before open to the invitations of the Gospel, receives them as offered by us, than if ninety and nine established Christians brought the aid of their influence and wealth to increase the external prosperity of our cause. For what are wealth and influence, that they should be weighed against the saving of a soul? Yes. Let it still be objected to us, as it often is, that among those who attend our worship, are many who have never before been known as religious men. If it be so, we thank God for the fact, as the best proof that he has graciously permitted us to be useful laborers in his vineyard. And you, my friends, if there be any such who hear me, who have not yet felt the power of religion—you who entertain doubts even respecting the divine mission of the Savior, approach; you are welcome to our services. Ardently do we desire, fervently would we pray, that a blessing may attend those services for your sakes. Be it your part to bring candid and inquiring minds. Be willing to acknowledge the authority of Jesus, if indeed his commission be from above. Dismiss your prejudices, and once more examine the subject carefully, and, if you can, with prayer; and in your lives endeavor to obey those laws of the Gospel, which must approve themselves to your reason, even if your doubts remain respecting their author. Thus shall you realize his promise; and doing the will of the Father who hath sent him, you shall know, by sweet experience of its saving power, that the doctrine is true.'

We rejoice that the Society at Pittsburgh is enjoying the valuable labors of a man so experienced, talented, and devout as Mr B., and we have no doubt that the cause of Liberal Christianity will flourish and be advanced under his ministrations and influences.

To the high opinion of the merits of Mr Russell expressed in the subjoined communication we cordially respond; and hope that a gentleman so accomplished and deserving, will recieve the liberal patronage of this community both as a Lecturer and as a Teacher.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—No city perhaps in our country, is more distinguished for the eloquence of its clergy than Boston. Still there is great room for improvement. Some of our pulpit teachers, with admirable powers, need to have their attention called to the more perfect developement of those powers; to the better management of the voice; to the introduction of tones more adapted to the sense of their instructions; and to a better, more expressive, and appropriate style of gesture.

And, Sir, the means are now at hand. We have, for several years, been destitute of a professed teacher of the noble art of elocution. This want is at length supplied. A gentleman, who, in former years, was eminently successful in it, has returned to our city, and resumed his vocation.

Many of the clergy and members of the other liberal professions, have heretofore been benefited by his instructions, and can testify to the purity of his style, the excellence of his judgment, the nice discrimination of his taste; and will, I doubt not, with me, hail his return to us, as a desideratum among the lovers of good reading and speaking.

The gentleman in question is Mr William Russell—now giving a course of lectures on English Literature, and instructing classes and individuals in schools and private circles. He is commended with the utmost confidence, to the attention of this community. T.

Nov. 21.

MASS. EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Executive Committee of this Society had appointed Sunday Evening Nov. 12, for a public Meeting. Notice to that effect was accordingly given in the Register—which is printed on Thursday. After this paper was issued, it was ascertained that the gentleman who had been elected to preach was unable to officiate—Care was therefore taken that no other paper should copy the Notice from the Register, and no confirmatory advertisement (such as is usual) was sent, to any of the Pulpits, but as far as convenient, contradictory notices were circulated. We know not by what authority an assembly was convened—only to be disappointed—on Sunday evening, the 19th. It is a matter of regret that any mistake should have occurred.

N. B. A discourse will be preached in aid of the funds of this Society on Sunday evening Nov. 26, at Dr Channing's Church, by Rev. H. Ware Jr. D. D.—services to commence at 7 o'clock. CHANDLER ROBBINS, *Sec'y.*

The Unitarian Society in Haverhill, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Nathaniel Gage, have recently erected a very neat and commodious House of worship, which we are informed will be dedicated on Wednesday the 6th of December.

Services to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

N. B. For the accommodation of several esteemed correspondents we have deferred sundry notions of our own—and submitted to circumstances and not exercised our taste in the arrangement of this paper.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

A social meeting of children, Parents, and Teachers will take place at the Warren Street Chapel in the forenoon of Thanksgiving Day.

Addresses are expected from several gentlemen, with appropriate music from the choir.

The friends of the Institution are respectfully invited to attend.

Nov. 29.

OBITUARY.

MISS CAROLINE W. HOMANS.

Died in this city, Wednesay, Nov. 15th, Miss Caroline W. daughter of Dr. John Homans, aged 19 years.

If words could avail to paint our feelings—or if such a picture were one for the stranger's eye, our own pen should not withhold its notice of the death of this lovely and angel-like young lady.

We hear that on the Sunday after her death services of a solemn and nteresting character were performed at the meeting of the Sunday School, of which she had been for many years, as pupil and Teacher, one of the brightest ornaments. The Pastor of the church addressed the School in an appropriate, beautiful, and affecting manner—while the simplest and sweetest tribute of affection for the departed and of sympathy for the surviving—was glistening in every eye. The following verses written by one of the Teachers of the School and sung on the occasion—have been handed to us for publication.

She hath passed from the earth, but we may not lament her,
Nor mourn her return to a holier clime;
She but lingered below, until He who had sent her,
Recalled her to Eden in morning's sweet prime.

She hath passed from the earth, in the spring-time of beauty,
When life wore an aspect of sunshine and truth,
And hath left in her path of affection and duty,
A memory sweeter—less fading than youth.

O her's was a smile which we meet in the morning,
Whose early decay we must weep o'er at noon;
A sunlight, our path all too briefly adorning,
That glimmered, and faded, and left us too soon.

There are smiles for the gay; and, for those who have parted
From earth in its freshness, we offer a tear;
Yet in life's gayest circle, we meet the sad-hearted,
And a smile on the lip, when death's finger is near.

O, it is not when hope and its visions are moving
The heart, we should weep that Death makes it his own,
But rather when nothing is left worth its loving,
And it lingers on earth, unconfiding—alone.

Then weep not for her: in her freshness of beauty,
She but left the cold changes that dim its young glow,
For a home where the stars in their pathway of duty,
Shine on, undisturbed by the shadows below.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TO MISS A. L. H.

On the death of her *more than sister*, H.N. HEATH.

'*The one shall be taken and the other left.*'—Matt. xxi. 41.

How oft have your voices in unison blended,
And chaunted the praise of your Maker at even;
How oft have your prayers together ascended,
And met the first sunlight that streamed from the heaven.

But hushed now is *her's*; and the harmony broken,
And sad is *thy* heart, of the loved one bereft—
How true to the words which the Savior hath spoken
'*The one shall be taken—the other be left.*

That *one* from the trials of earth hath been taken,
From its perils released, from its mysteries freed,
Oh! let not thy trust by the parting be shaken—
But think, *of her service the Master hath need.**

And *thou* hast been left yet a little while longer—
For some blessing art spared!—let it not be in vain,
When tried by affliction thy Faith shall be stronger—
And then thou shalt join thy companion again.

But where is her spirit? Perchance it is dwelling
On the banks of some Jordan, whose murmuring flow
Unites with her voice in rich melody swelling,
Still chanting the songs, that she learned while below.

That God is unkind, for a moment believe not;
He'll bind up thy heart, though by sorrow 'tis cleft;
Then silent and lonely, look upward, and grieve not
That *she* has been taken, but *thou* hast been left.

J. S. W.

* Isaiah lxv. 8. † Matt. xxi. 3.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Riot at Alton.—The following is an extract of a letter received by a gentleman in this city, from his friend at Alton, dated the 7th instant.

You are already aware of the excitement which has for some time existed in this place in regard to abolition—that the office of the Alton Observer was mobbed, and the press, together with the types and all the printing materials, destroyed in August last, and that subsequently another press, which was procured for the purpose of continuing the publication of the Observer, was taken by the mob from the warehouse of one of our merchants and destroyed in like manner. But I have now to relate a scene of blood-shed and barbarity which must fix an everlasting disgrace and reproach upon our city. Another press had been ordered, and arrived yesterday morning about three o'clock. Secret arrangements had been made for its arrival at that hour, in order to prevent disturbance, and as the most severe threats had been freely circulated through the city, ample preparations were made for its defence. It was received and deposited in the upper story of Messrs. Godfrey, Gilman & Co's warehouse, without any disturbance. It was well known through the city yesterday, that the building was strongly guarded, and there were, in fact, the night preceding, about thirty armed men within it. Consequently the mob prepared themselves for a most desperate attack, which they meditated on the following night, being themselves strongly armed. The building was attacked about 11 o'clock last night, there being at the time about 18 men inside. Finding it impossible to enter the building against so resolute a body, they set fire to it, and then swore to shoot every man who came out. A firing was commenced on both sides. At length, the persons within finding they must soon be compelled by the flames to abandon the building, and perhaps themselves be butchered, when it could no longer protect them, concluded to surrender. One of their number, however, Rev. Mr Lovejoy, the editor of the Alton Observer, was shot several times through the breast, and died in a few minutes, and two others were seriously wounded. One man, named Bishop, was killed on the outside, and five or six wounded The mayor, who was on the spot, and used his efforts to put down the mob, had his hat shot through, and a number of others had their clothes perforated with balls. One of the most detestable acts of the mob, was, that after they had promised the persons within the building, that if they would lay down their arms and come out, they should escape unhurt, they fired upon them with great fury as they came out, and pursued them like tigers.

The St. Louis Republican subjoins to its account of this outrage the following comments;—

'Every one must regret this unfortunate occurrence, but the guilt of the transaction will ever rest with those who madly and obstinately persisted in the attempt to establish an abolition press there. They were warned time after time of the consequences, and urged by every consideration, not to press the attempt; but to all they turned a deaf ear, and public opinion will hold them responsible for the fatal consequences.'

On this paragraph the Boston Atlas very justly remarks;—

'In other words, if a man chooses to publish a newspaper in which he advocates sentiments disagreeable to a certain portion of his fellow-citizens, they are not only at liberty to destroy his printing-press, but if, in the course of the operation, they should happen to *kill* the editor, the 'guilt' of that 'unfortunate occurrence,' will rest, not upon the murderers, but upon the victim! An editor, under such circumstances, may not only be lawfully assassinated, but his brother editors, in describing the 'unfortunate occurrence,' are to pronounce him guilty of his own death! Who would choose to publish a newspaper on these terms! Is this what we find described in our constitutions and our statutes, as 'the liberty of the press?' We should rather take it to be the liberty of burglary and assassination.'

To the same effect with the quotation from the St. Louis Republican, are the following remarks upon the 'unfortunate occurrence,' from the Cincinnati Whig;

Deprecating mobs of all kinds in the highest degree, as we certainly do, we are nevertheless clear in the opinion that Lovejoy was greatly more to blame than any one else. He kept the people of Alton in a continual state of excitement, and from what had previously occurred, he must have known that a persistance in his mischievous course would end in bloodshed. He seems to have courted death, and he fell a martyr to abolitionism.

The occurrence is undoubtedly deeply to be lamented; but had he, (Lovejoy) yielded to the wishes of a vast majority of the citizens of the place, his own life and that of another would have been saved, and the town of Alton would have been free from the reproach of mobism.

On the sentiments here expressed we quote again the remarks of the Atlas.

With all due respect for the Cincinnati Whig, the above quotation seems to us destitute of all reason, as it is destructive of all liberty. What liberty is there in a country, where a man cannot express or publish his opinions, except at the risk of being *murdered* by those who disagree with him? It is paying the people of Alton a very poor compliment, to say that Lovejoy must have known he would be *murdered*, if he persisted in a course which the laws of the land both authorised and commended, to wit, in the expression, and publication of his opinions.

If there are certain opinions current in society, which are not to be expressed without manifest danger to the community, let us call Conventions; let us repeal those clauses of our constitutions which authorise liberty of opinion and the press; let us establish a censorship, a gag-law, or other necessary restraint;—and if editors are to be put to death for the expression of their opinions, let them be tried and executed according to the laws. This murdering by a mob, under any pretence whatever, the apology even for a mob-murder, strikes not only at the root of all law, but at the foundations of society itself.

We learn from the National Gazette that the following is the 22d section of the seventh article of the constitution of the State of Illinois;

'The printing presses shall be free to every person who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the General Assembly, or of any branch of government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man; and every citizen may freely speak, write, and print, on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of the liberty.

Thus recklessly are the laws of the land set at defiance, and the liberty of speech and the press trampled upon. Alton is not alone in its deeds of shame and blood, in opposition to freedom of thought and speech. Let us not think to call ourselves a free people or profess any respect to the true principles of liberty, while such scenes are enacted among us with impunity.

Caution to Parents.—We quote the following distressing case as a warning to others.

A little boy 18 months old, having run a needle into his body, just below the breast bone, his father, in endeavoring to extract it broke it off, and before a physician could be called, the boy expired—the needle having entered the lungs, and caused such a suffusion of blood as to suffocate him immediately. This occurred the other day at Camden, New Jersey.

Rev. George W. Briggs, of Fall River, has received and accepted the unanimous invitation of the first Parish in Plymouth, to become associate minister with the Rev. Dr Kendall.

Canada.—The troubles in Canada, are rapidly assuming a serious aspect—they are the mutterings which precede the hurricane. The Montreal Gazette states that advices have been received from Quebec, that Joseph Legare, the ex-Justice of the Peace, Pierre Chasseur, the Printer of the Liberal, and R. S. M. Bouchette and Charles Hunter, Advocates, the editors of the Liberal, had been arrested on charges of seditious practices, shortly before the time of his leaving that city. The charges being bailable, all the parties, except Chasseur had been admitted to bail in large sums. Chasseur, either from inability to find bail, or some other cause, remained in prison.

Florida—A gentleman in Florida, writing to the Editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, says 'Although we have captured Oseola and other principal chiefs, Jones, a leader, with six hundred savages under his command, has just sent word to General Jesup, that he will continue to fight till the setting of the sun.'

France—A considerable sensation has been excited in France by the establishment of a joint-stock bank, the first in that kingdom properly so to be called, at the head of which, and the author of the project, is the well-known banker and former Minister of State, M. Laffitte. The capital of the Laffitte Bank is provisionally fixed at 55,000,000 francs, or nearly £2,200,000, with the power of increase to 250,000,000 francs. Of this capital M. Laffitte contributes himself 7,500,000 francs, or nearly £300,000. The principles of the bank forbid open credits or loans without guarantee.

Russia.—Letters from Circassia to the 21st of August, state that the Russians have been defeated in almost every encounter with the heroic mountaineers. The only important advantage gained by the former from the beginning of the campaign to the 16th July was the capture of Pshat, where Gen. Williaminoff has since been actively engaged in erecting a fortress at the entrance of that small port. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea is said to consist of 40 vessels of war, of different sizes, and two steamboats. An active correspondence has been going on between the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and the Circassian Deputy, Sefer Bey.

Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, and now known by the name of Count de Survilliers, has taken Bretenham Park, in the neighborhood of Lawshall, Suffolk, Eng. for a permanent residence.

MARRIAGES.

In Roxbury, on Tuesday, by Rev. Dr Gray, Mr James O. Ward, of New York, to Miss Eliza Gould, of Roxbury.

In Roxbury, Mr Seth Hilman Barnes, of this city, to Miss Maria Brinley, of R.

In Malden, 16th inst, Capt. John Williams, of Chelsea, to Miss Mary Heard, of M. daughter of Joseph Heard, Esq.

In Northboro', 15th inst. by Rev. Mr Allen, Mr James B. Keyes, to Miss Elizabeth Kelley; On 16th Mr David Munroe Clapp, of Northampton, to Miss Lydia Flint Rice of Northboro'.

DEATHS.

In this city, 17th inst. Mr Samuel Gridley, 65.

In this city, on Sunday, Mrs Elizabeth, relict of the late Hon. John Coffin Jones, 67.

In Brookline, Mrs Elizabeth, widow of Capt. Timothy Corey, 93.

In Brighton, widow Eleanor Dana, 93.

ANNUALS &C, FOR 1838.—
The Flowers of Loveliness, consisting of twelve groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers, with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.
Flora's Gem, or the Treasures of the Parterre, twelve bouquets drawn and colored from Natnre, by J. Andrews, with poetical illustrations by L. A. Twambey.
Pearls of the East, or Beauties from Lalla Rookh.
The Friendship's Offering.
The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.
The Literary Souvenir, edited by W. E. Burton
The Christian Keepsake, &c. &c.
For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street. n 25

BLOOMFIELD'S GREEK TESTAMENT.—With English Notes, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical, partly selected and arranged from the best commentators, ancient and modern, but chiefly original. The whole being especially adapted to the use of academical students, candidates for the sacred office, and ministers; though also intended as a manual edition for the use of theological readers in general. By Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D. D. F. S. A. Vicar of Bisbroke, Rutland, England. First American, from 2d London edition; 2 vols. 8vo.
Preface of the American edition by Prof. Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary. The work is highly recommended by him to clergymen and students, and has been adopted as the Text Book, by the principal seminaries of learning throughout the country.

From Prof. C. E. Stowe, Lane Theological Seminary, Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio.
Messrs. Perkins and Marvin—'I received a few days since a copy of your edition of 'Bloomfield's Greek Testament.' As to mechanical execution, it is in my opinion altogether superior to any Greek Testament hitherto published in America; and its literary and theological merits are such as entitle it to a high place in the estimate of every scholar who wishes to study the new testament. I recommend it to the students under my care, and use it myself in the preparation of lectures. I became acquainted with Dr Bloomfield while in England, and I consider him one of the most laborious and accurate Greek scholars in the English Church.'
The work is printed on fine paper, large and clear type, in substantial cloth Binding, and sold at the low price of $6. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. n 18

MANUFACTURERS AND MACHINERY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A Treatise on the Manufactures and Machinery of Great Britain. By Peter Barlow, Esq., F. R. S., &c.—to which is prefixed an introductory view of the principles of manufactures: by Charles Babbage, Esq F. R. S. &c.—forming a portion of the Encyclopedia Metropolitan: illustrated with 87 plates, 1 vol. 4to. This day received, for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 25

LOCKHART'S SCOTT—PART. V. This day received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., Lockhart's Scott, part V. Also, the 5th volume, to match with the Boston edition, with a portrait. 134 Washington st. n 25

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS, cheap edition, 1 vol for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 25

SPARK'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, in 8 vols, uniform edition, for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 25

ENGLISH BOOKS—FOR SALE LOW. Coleridge's Letters, 2 vols; Thucydides, 3 vols; Classical Library; Travels and Discoveries in Africa, by Denham; Edinburgh Cabinet Library; Egypt; Africa; Early English Navigators; Life and Works of Crabbe, 8 vols and 1 vol; Boswell's Johnson, 1 vol and 4 vols; Johnson's Lives, 1 vol; Shakspeare, various editions; Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, in 4 and 2 vols; Edgeworth, 18 vols; Byron, 17 vols; Burns, 6 vols: Cowper, 14 vols; Constable's Miscellanies, &c. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. n 25

NEW BOOKS.
ARETHUSA, a Novel by Capt Chamier 2 vols.
The Young Wife by Dr Alcott.
Memoirs of Aaron Burr 2 vols.
The Hawk Chief by Irving 2 vols.
Lionel Wakefield 2 vols.
Christmas Gem for 1838.
History of the Court of Rome.
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BOOKS FOR MOTHERS, &c.
Young Wife, by Dr William A. Alcott.
Young Mother, by author of the Young Wife.
Family Nurse, by Mrs Child, author of 'Frugal Housewife.'
Wife at Home, by Mrs Taylor.
Practical Education, by Maria Edgeworth.
Good Wives, by Mrs Child, (Ladies' Family Library.)
Mother's Friend, by Abbott.
Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Married Ladies.
Lady's Book, edited by Mrs S. J. Hale.
For sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. n 25

SINGING BOOKS.—Boston Handel and Haydn Collection; Boston Academy's Collection;
The Choir, or Union Collection;
The Odeon, a Collection of Secular Melodies;
Kingsley's Social Choir;
Zeuner's Ancient Lyre;
The Juvenile Lyre—Sabbath School Harp;
Juvenile Singing School.
For sale by the dozen or single, at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 25

VALUABLE MUSIC BOOKS.—THE ODEON—a collection of Secular Melodies, arranged and harmonized for four voices: designed for adult Singing Schools and social Music Parties. By G. J. Webb and Lowell Mason, Professors in the Boston Academy of Music. As the title-page sets forth, this work is designed for singing schools. It contains the rudiments, arranged on the Pestalozzian plan, and an appendix, containing instructions for developing and training the voice. The table of contents embraces, besides new pieces, many of the finest and most popular airs, harmonized for four voices.
The Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Collection—edited by L. Mason—new edition. The character of this work is too fully established by its extensive circulation throughout this country, and the approbation it has received in England, to need any remarks at the present time.
The Boston Academy's Collection of Church Music—published under the direction of the Boston Academy of Music—consisting of the most popular Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Chants, &c., old and new; together with many beautiful Pieces, Tunes and Anthems, selected from the works of the most distinguished masters. New edition.
The Choir, or Union Collection of Church Music; by L. Mason. Much of the music in this work is entirely new, and has been drawn from the highest sources of musical taste and science. New edition.
The Bridgewater Collection.—The renewed attention of singers is called to an improved edition of this long established and popular work.
The Boston Academy's Collection of Anthems, Choruses, &c.—Edited by Lowell Mason. The music of this work has been chosen with especial reference to public occasions, concerts, oratorios, &c., the whole being of practical character and acknowledged excellence.
Manual of the Boston Academy of Music, for Instruction in the Elements of Vocal Music, on the system of Pestalozzi. By Lowell Mason.
The Juvenile Lyre: or Hymns and Songs, Religious, Moral and Cheerful; set to appropriate Music, for Primary and Common Schools. By Lowell Mason.
The Juvenile Singing School. By Lowell Mason and G. J. Webb, Professors in the Boston Academy of Music—a new work for Juvenile Classes and Singing Schools.
For sale by CHAS. J. HENDEE, 131 Washington street, up stairs. n 25

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Latin.
Adams's Latin Grammar, 18mo.
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Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington, opposite School street. nov 25

COLERIDGE'S Poetical Works 3 vols.
Bryant's Poems, 1 vol different Bindings.
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Joanna Baillie's Poetical Works, 1 vol.
Goldsmith's Poetical Works.
Cowper's Poems.—Milton's Poems.
Thompson's Poems.—Lady of the Lake.
Lay of the last Minstrel—Marmion.
Scott's Select Poetry, 6 vols &c. &c.
For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 25

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 2 vols 8vo new edition. Just published, and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 25

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. THE subscriber intends to deliver a course of Lectures on the prominent characteristics of English Literature, illustrated by Readings and Recitations.
The lectures will be delivered weekly, on Saturday evenings, at Chauncey Hall, Chauncey Place—commencing on the 18th inst. at 7 o'clock.
Tickets at $2 for the course, (consisting of six lectures,) may be obtained at the Bookstore of Wm. D. Ticknor, corner of Washington and School streets, and of Benj. H. Greene, 134 Washington street
Admission to single lectures 50 cents.
WILLIAM RUSSELL.
Boston, Nov. 8. 1837. 3 t n 11

INSTRUCTION IN ELOCUTION.—The subscriber respectfully announces that he has resumed instruction in Elocution. His arrangements for classes are as follows.
A class of Young Gentlemen, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, to commence on Wednesday, the 15th inst.
Classes of Young Ladies, on the other afternoons of the week.
Calls will be attended to daily, from 1 to 2 o'clock, at the office of Mr G. F. Thayer, Chauncey Hall.
WILLIAM RUSSELL.
Boston, November, 1837.
*** Parents to whom the advertiser is not personally known, are referred to the following individuals: Rev. Dr William E. Channing, Rev. Dr Henry Ware, Jr. Rev. John Pierpont, Abbott Lawrence, Benjamin Guild, B. A. Gould, S. P. Miles, G. B. Emerson, Ebenezer Bailey, G. F. Thayer, Esq'rs. 3 t

FOR SALE, IN BRIGHTON, A BOARDING-SCHOOL ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Subscriber, having, for several months past, been afflicted with a bronchial difficulty, which has nearly deprived him of the use of his voice, and finding no immediate prospect of relief, but in a change of business, has been induced by the advice of friends and eminent physicians, to relinquish his profession as a Teacher, and now offers his situation for sale; which consists of a large dwelling-house, fitted up for the accommodation of boarders, an academy of ample size, and fifteen acres of valuable land, well stocked with choice fruit.
The School has enjoyed a very liberal share of public patronage during the last eight years, which, so far as the Subscriber's influence extends, will be transferred to his successor. It is situated about one third of a mile south of the village, and perfectly retired, being separated from it by a beautiful grove. If preferred, the buildings will be sold with but part of the land. Possession given as soon as desired after Nov. next. Terms liberal.
Brighton Sept 29 tf JONAS WILDER.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

My dear Sir,—I send you a translation of 'the Pilgrim' from the German of Uhland, which though it might not possibly stand very well the mathematician's test 'what does it prove?' or the Yankee's 'Cui bono?' will undoubtedly interest many of ypur readers. Yours truly, C. T. B.

Yearning for scenes of promised rest,
The weary pilgrim bends his way
Toward the bright city of the blest,—
The city of eternal day.

'In thy pure mirror, crystal stream!
Soon shall these longing eyes behold
Reflected, the celestial gleam
Of shining gates and spires of gold.

'Ye rocky hills that soar on high,
And stretch across my onward way!
Your sunny tops e'en now descry
The far-off gates of endless day.

'A sound of distant bells draws nigh—
On grove and stream the day grows pale;
Oh! had I wings, that I might fly
Far, far away o'er hill and vale!'

The blissful thought his soul o'erpowers—
He faints before the lengthning road.
And, sinking down amid the flowers,
Thinks on the city of his God.

'Alas! the way grows rough before me!
My spirit faints—my tootsteps fail—
Come, gentle dreams! steal softly o'er me,
And waft me to the blessed vale!'

He saw the gates of Heaven unfold,
And thus his shining angel spoke:
'Shall He the needed power withhold,
Whose word the burning impulse woke?

But golden dreams and fond desires
To coward hearts alone are dear;
A nobler strength high aim inspires,
And brings each lovely vision near.'

The fair form fades at morning light—
The pilgrim grasps his staff once more,
Toils on o'er plain and mountain height,
And now is at the golden door.

And lo! like fond maternal arms,
Wide open fly the gates of day—
And heavenly harpings welcome in
The pilgrim from his weary way.

For the Register and Observer.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

'In the hour of battle, it is too late to think of retreat.'

The hour of battle 's too late for retreat;
Our hearts must be firm, the conflict to meet:
Onward are rushing a countless throng,
On the air is floating their battle song;
Let foes gather round us! no ills do we fear!
We are true to ourselves; our safety is *here*.

We must cross the deep valley, climb the steep height,
Nor cling to earth's flowers, so brief and so bright!
We must rest not our steps, 'midst sunshine or showers
Though our path be o'er roses, yet few are the hours!
A country we seek, whose birth right we claim,
On her record alone, is glory and fame.

L. G. P.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr. Editor,—The following lines, commemorative of the death of my mother, were principally composed during the few last hours of her existence here and shortly after her decease. If you think favorably of them, you may give them a place in the Register.

Yours, C. F.

And hast thou breath'd thy last,
And gone to take thy rest:
And has thy spirit passed
To mansions of the blest?

Yes, thou hast gone beforo,
And left us here to mourn,
That thou on earth no more
To bless us wilt return.

Affecting, painful thought!
That thou who gav'st us birth,
And life's great duties taught,
Hast bid adieu to earth;

A solemn, sad adieu
To friends and kindred dear:
And passed from mortal view
Beyond this narrow sphere.

Though length of days was thine,
Thy life was full of pain:
Yet thou didst not repine,
Dear Mother, nor complain.

For thou in all didst view
A Father's chast'ning love,
Which bore thee safely through
To realms of bliss above.

Around thy dying bed
Thy children oft did press,
And tears profusely shed,
To witness thy distress.

O sad, heart-rending sight,
O'erwhelming all with grief,
To view thy wretched plight,
While none could give relief.

When we to mind recall
Thy sufferings here below,
And meditate on all
Thy sore distress and woe;

What tedious nights and days
Thou didst with patience bear,
And still delight to raise
To heaven thy soul in prayer;

Thy faith we then perceive,
Thy trust in Him, who spake;
'My friends, to me who cleave,
I never will forsake.

Let no alarming fears
Your peace of mind destroy,
For they, who sow in tears,
Shall reap in endless joy.'

Religion's sovereign power
Life's evils to sustain,
Through every trying hour,
Of sorrow, grief, and pain,

Is then distinctly seen,
And proves a sturdy reed,
On which the soul may lean,
In nature's greatest need.

Though hard from thee to part,
Our loss is all thy gain:
For all the pure in heart
With Christ shall ever reign.

Then, fare thee well, dear mother,
This world was not thy home,
Thou'st reached at length another,
Where sorrows never come.

When in this vale of tears,
Oppressed with grief and pain,
We've passed a few short years,
We all shall meet again.

Waltham, Oct. 1837.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Mirror.]

THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

The following tale illustrates one of the many instances of distress existing among the poor seamstresses of the city, and the lady who has communicated it for publication in the Mirror, vouches for its authenticity.

'Do you give out work here?' said a voice, so soft, so low, so lady-like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birth-day gift from his papa.

'Do you give out work here?

'Not to strangers,' was the rude reply.

The 'stranger' turned and walked away.

'That purse is very cheap, ma'am.'

'I do not wish it now,' said I, as taking up my parasol, I left the shop, and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes, too, were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow farther?—She was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and, oh, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross-looking woman—

'Is there a person living here who does plain sewing?' I inquired.

'I guess not,' was the reply. 'There is a woman up stairs, who used to work, but she can't get no more to do—and I shall turn her out to-morrow.

'Let me go up,' said I, as, passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.

'You can keep on up to the garret,' she screamed after me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not—breathed not—but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed-clothes—words broke from his lips—'I cannot pay you now,' I heard him say. Poor fellow!' even in his dreams, his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed mildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation, were before me—'I came to look for a person to do plain work,' was all I could say.

'Oh, give it me,' she sobbed. 'Two days we have not tasted food!—and to-morrow——. She gasped, and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!

'Be comforted—you shall want no more!'

I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West-Indian isle, her childhood's home. Of the deaths of father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home, hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought him in vain, but found, instead a husdand—he, too, an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love—alone in a crowd all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school, she plain needle-work. Too close attention to the duties of his school, long walks, and scanty fare, brought ill health and confined him at length to his bed. The shop from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment—many had none to give—others 'gave no work to strangers.' Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then I trust, they found indeed a Comforter in heaven!

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appealing look he gave me; I took her to my own home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said of her dear George—she called me her kind and only friend—begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still, deep night I heard her murmur—'Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me; oh mamma, why did you leave me?' Then again she said, 'Give me an orange, my sister. I am very faint.' Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

'Lay me by my George, and God will bless you,' were her last words to me. I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin.—They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty, of those who wound the stranger's heart.'

[From the Churchman.]

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF BISHOP RAVENSCROFT.

Formerly, in North Carolina, the pulpit was mounted upon wheels, so that it could be drawn aside, as convenience required.

As the floors of the churches were mostly inclined, it was customary to stop the wheels by putting stones or wood under them, in the same manner as under the wheels of carriages.

One Sunday, as the bishop was in a very animated part of his sermon, and unusually energetic in his motions, the stones happened to slip away, and the pulpit-chariot, 'instinct with life,' rolled down the whole length of the aisle, bearing the bishop on, as an ancient conqueror in his triumphal car. He was, however, not at all intimidated; he continued his sermon during his *passage* through the church, and just concluded as he arrived, with a tremenduous shock, at the other end.

No one was more faithful or exhibited more scrupulous reverence to the duties of the Church than Bishop Ravenscroft. Nothing was more striking than the solemn air of this man of God, as he performed the services of the sanctuary.—But among his friends in private he was exceedingly social and cheerful.

As a party of four or five of his most intimate friends were in company with him, he betted in a jocose manner with one of them, that if he would mount a table that was standing by, after repeating a magic word seven times, he could make him dismount. His friend accepted the challenge and ascended the table amid the laughter of the whole company. The bishop put on as long a face as he could command, and begun with the incantation; he had already repeated *the word* seven times, still no effect had been produced—when suddenly grasping the arms of his companions, he cried out, laughing heartily, 'Come, gentlemen! gentlemen! to dinner! to dinner!' leaving behind his friend on the table, who, however, before they had cleared the room, did not fail to come down his elevation.

STORY OF CASSEM.

AVARICE PROPERLY REWARDED.

There dwelt at Bagdad, an old merchant, named Abou Cassem, noted for his avarice. Although he was very rich, his clothes were nothing but patches and rags; his turban was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty that it was difficult to distinguish the color. But of his whole dress, his *papooshes* (slippers) were what merited most the attention of the curious; the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of blotches; the famous ship Argo had not so many pieces in it; and ever since they had been *papooshes*, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their ingenuity to keep them together. They were even become so heavy that they passed into a proverb; and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Cassem's *papooshes* were always the object of comparison.

One day, this merchant was walking in the bazaar when an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystal, of which he made an advantageous purchase; and hearing some days after that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes and bought his rose water for half its value. This new bargain put him into good humor; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbors, according to the custom of the East, when they have made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, for the covetous rarely have any real ones, told him that his *papooshes* were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. 'I have thought of it a long time,' replied Cassem, 'however, they are not yet so bad but they may serve a little longer.' During this conversation he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Kazee of Bagdad came likewise to bathe. Cassem coming out before the Judge, passed first into the dressing room, and having put on his clothes, he sought in vain for his *papooshes*, in the room of which he discovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant, persuaded, because he wished it so, that the person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of a new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation, and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expense of buying.

When the Kazee had done bathing, the slaves looked about for their master's *papooshes*, instead of which they could only find a vile pair, which were readily known to be Cassem's; the Kazee's officers went diligently in search of the suspected thief, and finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging *papooshes*, the Kazee sent him to prison; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Kazee, by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem, for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tigris, which ran under his windows. Some days afterwards, a fisherman pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the *papooshes*, the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows; and he threw them with such force that he overset the crystal vases which decorated the cornices and mantlepiece of the room, and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose-water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding the scene of devastation. 'Cursed *papooshes*,' exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard, 'you shall not do me any further mischief.'—So saying he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbors, who for a considerable time had owed him an ill office seeing him turning up the ground, ran to the governor and acquainted him that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the commandant, and our miser in vain remonstrated, assuring that he had not discovered any gold, but that he was only burying his cursed slippers; the governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty without giving a handsome present.

The distracted old man gave his *papooshes* most heartily to the evil one and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the evil one, who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens. The owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Kazee, and demanded satisfaction for the damage they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a larger sum than the two former ones together. After which the Kazee, who would by no means detain the property, restored to him his choice *papooshes*.

Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from all farther harm from the slippers, now determined to burn them; but, as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terrace at the top of his house to dry by the sun. But fortune had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than the rest. A young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, leaped from his master's terrace over to Cassem's, seized one of them in his mouth, and played his gambols with it, till at last he let it fall over the parapet, and, unhappily, it alighted on the head of a woman with a child, who was passing along the street before Cassem's door. Her husband carried the complaint to the Kazee; and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompense for the injury he had done to his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, our miser ran home, and taking his *papooshes* in his hand, once more repaired to the Kazee. 'Behold! my Lord,' said he, with an impetuosity which diverted the Judge, 'the instruments of all my sufferings, these cursed *papooshes* have reduced me to poverty; deign, therefore, to publish a decree, that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless occasion hereafter.' The Kazee could not refuse this reasonable petition; and Cassem at length, by dear-bought experience learned the fatal effects of vile avarice. It was not long however before the *papooshes* again—but here, from deficiency in the manuscript, the *tale* is cut short.

[From Dr Humphrey's Letters.]

EDUCATION.

As several respectable Scottish writers have lately given us quite as much credit as we deserve, for the wisdom, liberality, and efficiency of our common-school systems in New England and New York, it may not be out of place for me just to glance at the subject, as I bring this letter to a close. It is certainly a matter of high congratulation, that such liberal provision is made for the instruction of the poor; that our children of all classes are so generally sent to school, and that every body is taught to read and write. But it ought to be felt by all the friends of education, that our systems are susceptible of great improvements, and that they are loudly called for.

In the first place, we suffer exceedingly for want of a competent number of able and efficient teachers. And the reason is, our standard is altogether too low, and we keep it down by our penuriousness. Whatever we may demand and expect, and however loudly we may complain that good teachers are not to be had, we should not be willing to pay them, if they were. In this case, as in every other, under our free institutions, the supply will be in proportion to the urgency of the demand. If men of talents and enterprise were sure of being well paid, as teachers—of making their efforts and their literary acquisitions as productive in the school-house as any where else, the deficiency of which we complain would soon be supplied. But how can we expect it, so long as the wages of a school-master are kept below those of a common journeyman mechanic? Just so long as we compel our teachers to work cheap, we must expect to have cheap teachers.

Teaching ought to be made a profession, as it formerly was in Scotland, and as it now is in Prussia; and persons ought to be educated for it, as much as for any other. Whether this should be done in Normal schools, as in Prussia or France, or whether there should be a department devoted to this object in connection with our colleges, or whether both plans should be encouraged, I have not time at present to inquire. The want of an adequate supply of good teachers every body feels, and it is certainly our duty, in some way, to remedy the evil with as little delay as possible.

In the second place, we suffer, here by too much governmental patronage, and there by too little. In the state of Connecticut, I am clearly of opinion there is too much; or rather, the government has committed a great mistake in not requiring liberal appropriations on the part of the people, as a condition of receiving the public moneys. In Rhode Island, and I think in New Hampshire and Vermont, the error lies in the opposite extreme. In Massachusetts, we want more help from the public treasury; and the deficiency is not always made up by town assessments, though in most cases, these are quite liberal. I like the New York system, upon the whole, better than any other in this country, as combining the advantages of helping the people, and stimulating them to help themselves, by requiring the towns to raise by tax, I think it is two dollars, for every dollar they receive from the fund.

In the next place, we fail exceedingly, for want of better systems of supervision in our schools. We have Boards of Education, and visiting committees, to be sure. Parents take some interest in the schools, and the clergy more; but after all, much more must be done, before we shall see them placed on that high ground which they ought to occupy.

In the last place,—(for I cannot pursue the subject,) too little stress, by far, is laid upon the importance of religious instruction in our schools. The teachers, whether male or female, ought invariably to be persons of high moral qualifications, and as far as possible, of personal religion; and all our children ought every day to be taught to 'fear God and keep his commandments.'

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S MANUSCRIPTS.

An erroneous statement having found its way into the newspapers respecting the purchase of Sir Isaac Newton's manuscripts, by the Royal Society, we are authorized to state that it has no foundation whatever. In consequence of Sir David Brewster being at present engaged in a large work on the life, writings, and discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, he was kindly permitted by the trustees of the Earl of Portsmouth, to examine the valuable collection of manuscripts at Hursbourne-park. With the assistance of H. A. W. Fellowes, Esq., the accomplished nephew of Lord Portsmouth, many interesting and important letters and papers were discovered, which not only throw much new light on the early life and studies of our immortal countryman, but tend to refute the groundless rumors respecting a temporary derangement of his mind in 1692, and to exalt, in the highest degree, his moral and intellectual character.—*Morn. Chron.*

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